

"This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene
Wherein we play."

As You Like It, Act II.

What We Need---

A Second Childhood

By THE EDITOR

UNWITTINGLY THE GRAIL seems to have put its finger on a symptom of the world's present malady. Far be it from anyone to say that it is a discovery THE GRAIL has made. It isn't that. The symptom is a perennial one. But the eagerness with which our readers have grasped for the life-line confirms us in the belief that they are desperately in need—and know it.

On the cover of the July GRAIL there was an announcement in which the Laymen's Retreat at St. Meinrad was characterized as "A spiritual treat," "A mental and physical rest," as furnishing "courage and grace to tackle life anew." A number of our readers mistook these epithets as titles of books and immediately wrote for them. Did those three phrases summarize the craving of a tired and discouraged world? Were our readers actually hungering after a spiritual treat? We believe they were.

People in general ceased giving themselves spiritual treats when they emerged from the "Dark Ages," when they became infatuated with the dazzling rationalism of modern times and laughed at their own supposed stupidity in the superstitions of the Middle Ages. The consolations of confession, the strength of Extreme Unction were discarded as left-overs of the childish days. The rush and turmoil of the mad twentieth century is so opposed to a spir-

itual treat that one can scarcely find it outside the cloistered walls, behind which the "superstitions" of the Middle Ages are still practiced.

The simplicity of early faith brought peace and consolation, the miracle and mystery plays on feasts brought mental and physical rest, and homilies and Scripture lessons of the liturgy, then the essence of Christian life, were truly a balm to troubled hearts.

Men seeking this spiritual relaxation will turn back the hands of time, will regard much of our vaunted progress as a wild excursion far from the mooring post of common sense, and will permit their souls to bask for a few minutes in the eternal wisdom of the Scriptures, in the lives of the saints and their spiritual writings, and to drink deeply again of the fountains of the sacred liturgy.

Courage to tackle life anew can be found in prayer. It was the power that came to them in prayer that enabled the great heroes of history to beat down adversity. Moses on the mountain, the Crusaders before the gates of the Holy City, Francis Xavier opening kingdoms to the name of Christ, Father Marquette voyaging down the Mississippi, all looked forward to the help promised by Christ to those who humbly pray. The man of prayer rises above little human philosophies to the eternal source of strength and power.

REHEARSAL

There is a Lamp above that never dims
There is a watchful eye that knows no sleep,
There is a mind that keeps unbroken vigil,—
A Heart that ne'er forgets. In Him believe me,
We still have hope, and though our sins be great,
He'll find a way to make His garden bloom;
Albeit by the knife."

By Dorothy Bennett

"NEXT, we have," said the famous master of amateur ceremonies—

And two thousand persons in the radio auditorium, and ten million persons on the radio air, leaned forward expectant—

"Next we have Miss Linda Parsons," said the pleasant, quiet voice encouragingly. "Application states, lyric soprano. Eighteen years old. And pretty as a picture! Black curls, blue eyes. Do you live at home, Linda?"

"Y-yes, sir," said the clear little voice. Then it broke. "That is—I do and I d-don't, anymore."

There was a ripple of laughter...

"You do and you don't! Can't you make up your mind? Had a quarrel with your folks? Or don't they like your singing ambitions?"

"Oh, no! It isn't *that*. They—they always wanted me to be a singer—a *great* singer, you see," said the clear voice swiftly. Even over the air you could see her like a slim little colt, a bit long-legged, eager, black curls, blue eyes. "I w-wanted them to be proud of me. Only



A SWEET HIGH SOPRANO CAME OVER THE AIR TINKLING IN THE LOVELY LAKME SONG

since Mom's g-gone, it isn't—it isn't so much like home—to us."

The air was stilled and waiting, suddenly.

"Your Mom's—gone?" said that pleasant voice, quiet and all comforting. "That's too bad, Linda. Has she been gone from you very long?"

There was a short silence. You pictured her shaking her head, then remembering the microphone, a little choked "No. Not long."

"And who are 'us'—your brothers and sisters?" asked the master of the amateur hour, leading her to safer memories.

"Yes. There are five of us—and I look after them," explained Linda swiftly. "I'm the oldest—that is, some of them are younger than I am, and my two brothers are a little older in *years*, but—I feel the oldest. I'm in charge. We haven't much money, and we're all doing what we can. One of my brothers works in a cannery—he had to leave high school—one is an office boy. I—I can't take any more singing lessons—now."

"Your father? Is he with you?"

"No. Dad's been gone—a long time. Mom—brought us up. She did everything. She—she's wonderful."

"You like singing?"

"Better than anything!" it was like a vivid young face lifted up to one suddenly, the lift of that young voice. "I don't care—I don't really want to do anything in the world but sing! Only—now—"

"We'll see," promised that voice with all the quiet authority in the world in it. Ten million persons smiled through their tears. "Show us what you can do, and—we'll see what *we* can do about it. What are you going to sing?"

"The Lakme song that Lily Pons sings," Linda said.

"The Bell song from Lakme?"

"Yes. Only—could I ask you something?"

"Ask me anything you want to, Linda."

"Couldn't I—couldn't I come next week instead? I'd—I'd sing better—"

("She's a bit nervous," said the master of ceremonies softly in an aside to the air.)

They heard her weeping softly into the microphone.

("She's high-strung as a colt," said the pleasant voice, and set itself to quiet her.)

The weeping ceased abruptly. "I'm—ready," said Linda Parsons.

A sweet, high, true little soprano came over the air tinkling in the lovely Lakme song.

Little Linda Parsons took America into camp, and as much of Canada and the isles of the sea, and the continents beyond, as were tuned in on her. From the visible audience in the radio auditorium the mounting roar began, that means a wave of fame, money, applause. From the invisible audience on the air began to come in the signal lights of the telephones, as America leapt to the mouthpieces.

At the end of that hour . . . "672 votes; the Jersey Bumblebees, four boys from New Jersey, 933 votes, and last but *not* least, Miss LINDA PARSONS—lovely little Linda, the mother of her family now, who sang the Bell song from Lakme, *twenty-eight hundred and forty votes*, and more coming in every second!"

A pause, then, triumphantly, "And we *said* we'd take care of her! She'll never have to worry about singing lessons or making a living without singing again; she'll *always* be able to sing for her supper!"

One phone in that vast building had an outgoing, not an incoming call on the board. Linda was phoning.

"Hi—that you, Bub?" she demanded hilariously, voice a-skip. "Get off the line, you lummo. I don't care if you are my boy friend. Where's my Mom? Tell her, her only child wants to speak to her! Where's my Mom—my dear, precious, comfy Mom? Get her at once! She isn't mad, is she, at me? I had to do it—I had to get 'em to vote for me, and that was the way to do it. Did you hear me—crying? She heard the broadcast, didn't she? Did she go over to Mrs. Taylor's to hear me sing? Where is she?—What? Oh—oh—she *isn't*! She isn't—she was crossing the *street*—to get to Mrs. Taylor's house—and an automobile—and she's—she's really gone—Mom! Mom—I didn't mean—"

But the clear little true voice had dried up to a harsh croak of shock and pain. Linda couldn't speak.

Self Pity

She threw down her burden,
Grown sick of the load—
That bruised her shoulders,
Then stood by the road
Watching the travellers
Nor seemed to care
That others had burdens
'Twas her duty to share.

The end of the roadway
Well hidden from sight
Caused her no pain, nor
The coming of night.
To-morrow's bright promise
No more would she see—
Just stood there . . . caressing
Her own misery.

—Kate Ayers Robert.

CALVARY AGAIN!

Joseph Stanton

IS IT possible to look at the afflictions and sufferings that overwhelm the earth from pole to pole and not be a pessimist? During the past months we have been given glimpses into prophecies that were supposedly written generations or even centuries ago. They forebode dire things for our age. The sun shall literally be darkened for three days and nights according to one. Only the gift of prophecy and miracles given to the great champion of the Church will dispel the forces of evil bent on the destruction of the world. And this is to happen according to the prophecies within the lifetime of many of us. We are told that the antichrist is already living in the world, and that the forces of hell are massing for their most bitter attack.

I do not wish to lend any more credence to these prophecies than the Church herself does. Neither do I want to cast a pall of gloom over the more timid with great threats of ruin. But the thought that history repeats itself has given rise to some very interesting speculation about

"The world is a mystery. Life, time, death, doubt, good and evil, and the uncertainty which hangs about our eternal lot, are all mysteries. They lie burning on the heart at times. But the Crucifix is the meaning of them, the solution of them all." Father Faber.

the impending clash between the forces of good and those of evil. Passing over the assertions of some men of science who maintain that the natural resources of the earth are fast becoming exhausted and that by the year 2000 life will be very difficult to maintain on earth, I shall limit my comments to a parallelism to be found between the life of Christ on earth in the first century of our present era and of the Mystical Life of Christ in the world today as He lives it in His Church.

Follow me while we behold in the manger at Bethlehem, the new-born Saviour; while we attend Him preaching to the fickle mob who salute Him and sing Hosannas to Him; while we accompany Him into the hall of Pilate. There on the balcony Pilate uncovers His scourged and torn shoulders, His crowned head, and, at the demands of the rabble led on by their priests, orders the cross placed upon those wounded shoulders and expels Christ from Jerusalem, to die outside the city on the mount of Calvary. But Pilate was not

The Master Key

A giant Master Key
Is Christ's huge Cross on Calvary.

† † †

High Heaven's gleaming, gem-set gate,
Long locked by Adam's sin,
With it He opened wide,
That ransomed children, entering in,
As princes at His side
Might reign in regal state.

† † †

To Purgatory's prison bars
With it He comes to free
His vassals from their dole,
Where each must pay the debtor's fee.—
A Blood-bought, debt-free soul
Ascends above the stars.

† † †

With it He longs to lock fore'er
Hell's dismal dungeon door,
But all His pains are vain.
Proud man this key casts to the floor.
By sin he chooses pain
And freely enters there.

† † †

This Master Key
Christ now entrusts to thee.
How wilt thou use it for eternity?

—Placidus S. Kempf, O. S. B.

the winner. Neither were the ignorant persons who called down upon themselves and their children the blood of the God-man. For about the time that they began to revel in their success at ridding themselves of the "Impostor," the sun was darkened, the veil of the temple was rent in two, the earth shook and released some of the dead that came forth from their tombs at the very horror of the Deicide. Then man realized his error, struck his breast and withered away in fear of what he had done.

The Church has always lived the life of Christ upon earth. In her infancy, her death, too, was sought by Nero, Diocletian, and many others as Herod had sought to slay the Infant Christ. Like the Holy Innocents who died in that martyrdom, the early Christians shed their blood to be the seed of Christians. Like Christ, too, the Church stood on the green hillsides of Judea preaching to the multitudes, and like Her Master, she has through the ages given words of consolation to the faithful, forgiving their sins, and raising the spiritual dead to life.

Down through the courts of time has come the story of Christ's passion and death. Those days on Lake Genesareth and on the hillsides of Judea have passed. Mankind, for whom she has worked twenty centuries, is now seeking her death. We witness the spectacle of hate riding rampant over the face of the earth. The fulfillment of the spread of the Church to every land has been accomplished, but still in spite of that, truthfulness has given way to lying propaganda, for the enemies of the Church cry out, "I am Christ." Christian brotherliness is made to bow before barbaric atrocities. Hearts created for love and happiness have been filled with

the brine of sorrow. Indeed practically every ideal of Christianity is being offered up in holocaustal sacrifice on the altar of conquest of Paganism and Communism. These are, as the prophecies have foretold, eradicating from the minds of men that divine gospel which came down from highest heaven, dropping like golden manna from the lips of Christ.

If we dare look into the future, the years just ahead of us must appear years of contest and struggle. The contestants are they who are imbued with the idea that Christ's charity towards our fellow-man must predominate as against those who will cling tenaciously to uphold the tenets of the devils incarnate. On the one side will stand the arrayed and determined forces whose watchword is love; on the other the entrenched powers of those who believe in exploiting the lawful rights of others. This battle array is no fiction, though a few years ago we tried to think it was. Following the parallelism it seems but natural that when the cross on which the Church is to be crucified is raised aloft, the scene of the first crucifixion will be renewed. Nature will again revolt, the sun hiding its face shall leave the skies bereft of light; the earth will shrivel and shrink, and men beholding these things will again betake themselves to the caves and catacombs, where huddled together like sheep in winter, they will live closer to their dead. Are we living in the final passion of the Church? Is He now being scourged at the pillar of Communism and Paganism? Is He being crowned with the thorns of our ingratitude? Have we not heard only today, "We have no king but Caesar"? There remains but the final nailing to the Cross—and the glorious resurrection.

WHO ART THOU, LORD?

I AM THE LIVING BREAD
which came down from heaven.
If any man eat of this bread,
he shall live forever;
and the bread that I will give is
my flesh
for the life of the world.

I AM THE VINE;
you are the branches;
he that abideth in Me,
and I in him, the same
beareth much fruit:

for without Me
you can do nothing.

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
The good shepherd giveth
his life for his sheep.

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD:
and I know mine,
and mine know me,
as the Father knoweth me,
and I know the Father:
and I lay down my life for my
sheep.

**I AM THE RESURRECTION AND
THE LIFE.**

He that believeth in me,
although he be dead, shall live;
and everyone that liveth
and believeth in me,
shall not die forever.

I AM ALPHA AND OMEGA,
the Beginning and the End,
Who is and Who was,
and Who is to come,
the Almighty.

WHEN STONES SPEAK

Eugene Spiess, O. S. B.

HAVE you a Bible handy? Get it, please, and open it at the last chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, in which Christ gives St. Peter charge over His sheep. This is a very important chapter of Holy Scripture. To understand all that it tells us would take hours of study and research. There are special scholars appointed for that work. Let us take just one text from that chapter, an easy text, and make a brief study of it.

The text is the eighteenth verse: "Amen, amen I say to thee, when thou wast younger, thou didst gird thyself, and dist walk where thou wouldst. But when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and lead thee whither thou wouldst not." That St. Peter took this word of the Master to refer to his death is clear from the verse which follows it and also from what St. Peter wrote thirty-five years later in his second epistle. You will find it there in the first chapter, the fourteenth verse.

According to the words used by Our Lord, St. Peter was being prepared for crucifixion. "To stretch forth one's hands or arms" was a common metaphor in use in those days to indicate crucifixion. Seneca, who lived in Rome in the days when St. Paul resided there, speaking of the crucifixion of certain individuals, says: "They stretched out their arms on the patibulum." The "patibulum," also called "furca" (fork) by the Romans was a "Y" shaped instrument used by wine-growers, and because of its similarity in shape the yoke put on the criminal, and the beam of the cross were called by the same name.

If the Master told St. Peter he was to be crucified, how does it happen that no account of the martyrdom is given in the Bible? How do we know that the prophecy ever came true? In the first place St. Peter was martyred with St. Paul in the year 69. St. John was the only biblical writer still living, and neither in his Gospel nor in the Apocalypse was there place

for such an account. Then, read again the nineteenth verse of the last chapter in St. John's Gospel, also the twenty-fifth verse, and you will see that St. John did know of St. Peter's crucifixion, but could not include a detailed history of Christ himself, and certainly not, therefore, of the apostles.

But we have other ways of knowing of St. Peter's death. There are, of course, the historians, the records of the government, letters of contemporaries, sermons of ecclesiastics living within a short time after the events, and other methods known as tradition. There are extant in European libraries two or three diaries from the first three centuries of the Christian era. These diaries are documentary gems of Christian archeology and were considered so by Armellini and Maruchi, noted disciples of De Rossi. One of these diaries is to be seen in the library of the Abbey of Our Lady of Einsiedeln in Switzerland. During the intervals when persecutions in Rome were not so severe, pilgrims from the North, usually priests, visited the holy places in Rome and jotted down what they saw and heard.

Referring to the spot to the north-west of Rome where Nero had his Circus and gardens, we read in one of these diaries: "Crucifixus est inter obeliscum et metam." (He—Peter—was crucified between the obelisk and the goal.) The entry is much like what one would make today, were he to record the slaying of a person "between the flag-pole and the goal-post." But then suppose the flag-pole were removed! That is what happened in Rome. The "meta" was the marker for the races of the Circus. The obelisk was removed by Pope Sixtus the Fifth and now stands before the basilica of St. Peter's. However, near the present sacristy of this basilica, and east of it, there lies a marble slab in the earth, informing us that the obelisk once stood there.

After such a death how did the Christians recover the body of the first Pope? Does St.

Peter's Basilica mark the site of the death or the burial of the martyr? Both. Referring to the place of burial, the diary says: "He was buried near the Triumphal Way." This was beyond the wall of Nero's garden, where there was a burial crypt of pagan origin quite close to the spot pointed out as the place of Peter's crucifixion. In that case we should expect to find not only one grave but many, and some of them the graves of pagans. And that is exactly the case. Evidences in the crypt where St. Peter lies buried show that the Prince of the Apostles rests in the midst of the remains of pagan Romans. Still to be seen is the large gold cross placed on St. Peter's grave by Constantine to mark his from the other graves.

The writer heard from the lips of Commendatore Maruchi that there was a sort of mortuary chapel built over the resting place of St. Peter by Pope Cletus, the second successor of St. Peter, known up to the days of Constantine to make place for the basilica built by him and his saintly mother Helena. This early basilica was large enough in dimensions to take in the place of crucifixion and the place of burial. Not many travellers to Rome know that the small chapel in St. Peter's called "Del Crucifizzo" is so called because of the crucifixion of St. Peter on that spot.

Now, turn the pages of your Bible until you come to the last chapter in the Acts of the Apostles. The tourist who visits Italy on a vacation tour misses much of all that is fascinating unless he reads what St. Luke tells us in his last chapter of the Acts. Let him visit Pompeii the city that was destroyed by Mt. Vesuvius in the year 75 of the Christian era.

Yet, it is assumed by the Christian archeologists that St. Paul had been at Pompeii on one of his trips into Italy. In fact, we do find on one of the walls of a home in Pompeii the word "Xrestiani" inscribed. The Romans were of the opinion that the entire trouble between the Jews and early Christians was due to a certain "Xresto." They confused "Christus" with the Greek proper name "Xrestus." Festus who followed Felix, the immediate successor of Pontius Pilate, did not make this error, for he tells king Agrippa that the squabble between the Jews and Paul at Jerusalem was due to a certain "Jesu" whom the "Jews claim to be dead while Paul claims he is alive." At home, in Rome, the Romans, however, are known to have confused Xrestus with Christus.

Of considerable historical interest is an inscription found on a building in Pompeii, presumably a former drug-store, which the writer jotted down into one of his guide-books. The inscription reads: "*Hic locus morandi non est.*"

Discede morator." "This is no place for loafing. Depart loafer." The inscription is proof that the idea of the "sit-downers" is by no means modern. Another inscription that gave considerable amusement to the writer reads "*Cave canem.*" "Beware of the dog." The Darwinian evolution dream is not borne out by this inscription. In spite of all the training given to members of the canine species during a period of two thousand years, the species has not changed its character, for we still write "Beware of the dog." Nor do we note any improvement in the propensity the dog has to wag his tail. He still wags it as he did in the days of Tobias and in the dawn of history.

Leaving Pompeii, if the tourist now boards a traction car that leaves the City of Naples, the car bearing a large sign "Puzzoli," he will soon find himself at a sea-shore resort. This is the Puteoli mentioned by St. Luke in the Acts. From Puzzoli it is a two hour ride north to Formia, the Forum Appii mentioned by St. Luke where the first brethren from Rome met the Apostles. The few that came to Forum Appii are they who braved to cross the palludi or swamps in skiffs or row-boats. The other Christians who did not cross the palludi, the imperial bridge built by the Caesars having been demolished, met the Apostles, as St. Luke tells us, at "Ad Tres Tabernas."

Arriving in Formia on one occasion, the writer stepped into a restaurant for dinner. While the good Italian lady of the place left the writer, to prepare the famous "soupa di pulleti" she instructed her daughter, a girl of fifteen, to set the table for the writer. I asked the girl "Were you born here at Formia?" To this the young girl replied, "Yes, right here in this house." I now asked: "Do you know anything about the history of Formia? What is this town known for chiefly?" Bending over the table and her dishes, the girl with a half smile, tinged with a somewhat mischievous eye, looked at the writer,—trying as I then presumed, to fathom my motives—I, a priest, asking such questions when every child in Formia knows its history. Suddenly the girl broke the silence and with a gesture she pointed to her father's back-yard saying: "If you go out there in my father's backyard, where my mother is now preparing and dressing a pullet for you, you will see the quadrati (immense rectangular stones), the Roman ship piers, where the Romans landed to get on the Appian Way, which starts here in Formia. It was here, as St. Luke tells us, right here in my father's place, where St. Paul and St. Luke landed." The girl then directed me to *Ad Tres Tabernas* saying; "We now call this place mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles by the name of 'Alle tre Taverne.'"

THE HIDDEN SOURCE

Jack White



JAMES VANSTIN placed his back against a stone pillar fronting his white two-storied farmhouse, and gazed at his neighbor Henry Walker.

"You don't mean to tell me that a priest said Mass on Knock Mountain since Father Driscoll's death?" he asked.

Henry Walker, captain of the yoes in the parish of Kileen, tapped lightly on his high boot with the end of his riding whip.

"It's a fact, James," he nodded. "No matter how we look at it the Catholics are too clever for us. Knock Mountain was black with people and the priest was dressed in vestments. There is a traitor among us somewhere. There is some one among us hand and glove with the priests."

"Why one of us?" asked James. "Is that necessary?"

"Yes. It is necessary and also logical," replied Henry. "The Catholics are keenly watched both in town and country. I am under the impression that the priest sends a message by some underground means to a member of our community in this locality."

"You are all wrong, Henry," replied James. "Father Driscoll might have done that. He was respected by all the people in the parish. But this strange priest knows nobody around here and nobody knows him. Now to whom among us could a strange Catholic priest send a message?"

"I can't answer that question, James. But will you inform me by what other means or in

what other manner do the Catholic men and women know when a priest is to read Mass on the side of a mountain?"

"I've been watching Tade Dowd lately," nodded James. "I had suspicions that he was harboring a priest in the house."

Henry Walker thrust his hand in his trousers pocket, raised his round fat head in the air and laughed heartily.

"Was that the reason you snapped up his horse?" he chuckled. "That was a raw deal, James, even though Dowd is Catholic."

James Vanstin's face grew pale as if he resented the inference of his friend and neighbor.

"What do you mean by raw deal?" he frowned. "I was within my rights in what I did. I was fully within the law."

"I know, I know, James. You did what was right and lawful. If you hadn't taken the horse Dowd might have made a present of him to this new priest. My son-in-law, Cecil Pollard, can't see it like that good or bad. He thinks it was an awful unchristian act for one neighbor to do to another."

"Young men like Cecil Pollard are weakening the fight against the priests," nodded James. "I paid Dowd the price the law allows him. I paid him five pounds and took the horse."

"Yes, yes, that's the law," replied Henry. "Tade is Catholic and the law reads that he can't possess horse, cow, or sheep valued over five pounds if a Protestant is willing to pay the price."

"The horse was cheap at five pounds," nodded James. "I knew I could make a profit which I did."

"You sold him, didn't you?"

"Yes. I sold him a week later for fifteen pounds."

Henry Walker smiled broadly and shook his head. "Did you offer Tade any of the money?"

"What do you think I am?" frowned James. "I only wish I could make another ten pounds as easily."

"Be careful, James. Be careful. I have been informed that a well-to-do Protestant in the parish is holding Tade's farm and cattle in a blind lease. You were to be arrested for theft only the Dowd boys wouldn't stand for it."

"Oh, that's only hog wash," snapped James. "I've heard a lot about blind leases but I haven't spoken with a person yet who will admit he holds one."

"Take it from me, James Vanstin, there are a dozen or two of those blind leases in the parish and there are Anglicans around us here who would help to build the Catholic church tomorrow if the Penal Laws were repealed."

"Oh, I expect so. Christians they call themselves. Traitors I call them. Weaklings."

Henry Walker shook his head.

"Hard man, James. Hard man. But you're right. Though I often wonder how it is the Catholics work for you. And they seem to like you."

"I have no trouble with my Catholic workers," nodded James. "I tell them what to do and they do it. I tell them also what I think of them."

Henry Walker looked James full between the eyes.

"John Grouse was telling me what he heard you say about Catholics one day before your men and he was surprised they didn't all go home," he chuckled. "You know John can't get a Catholic to work for him since he carted away the stones of the old monastery to build a stable for his horses."

"John doesn't know how to manage Catholic help," replied James.

"If I don't make a mistake here is a man in search of work," said Henry as a tall, pale-faced man of about forty years of age sauntered slowly up the road. His clothes were rough and shabby and his chin covered with a few inches of black beard. When he came in front of the high white house he stood and looked up at the gable.

"Is this Mr. Vanstin's place sir?" he asked glancing at the men before him.

"Yes. And I am Mr. Vanstin," answered James. "What can I do for you?"

"I heard from a man down the road you were in need of a laborer. I was wondering if I would suit you."

James gazed keenly into the man's face for a long moment.

"What can you do?" he asked at length. "Can you drive a horse?"

"Sure I can, sir. I was born among horses." James smiled, glanced at Henry Walker and shook his head.

"All right," he said. "I'll hire you and pay you what I pay my other men. Go around the back to the kitchen, and tell Mary to give you a good supper."

"Thank you sir. Thank you," smiled the ragged laborer as he shuffled down the driveway to the rear door.

"That poor fellow seems all in," nodded Henry. "He doesn't seem fit for a day's work."

"Oh I'll see he leaves me a profit," frowned James. "If he doesn't, he won't be here many hours."

"He looks as if he needed a feed and rest more than he does work," replied Henry.

"He'll earn his grub," smiled James. "Tell me, did you hear anything about Tade Dowd buying a Jersey cow at the last fair in Killarney?"

"Leave Tade Dowd alone," frowned Henry. "You made good on his horse. Leave his cow where she is."

"I will not," snapped James. "If I can see a pound or two in a deal which is within the law, I'll take it."

Henry Walker's lips curled in contempt. "Miserable human nature," he muttered. "Miserable man who fattens on his neighbor's downfall. Where you off to now?"

"Going inside for my pipe and some money," answered James. "Wait me here."

Five minutes later James Vanstin walked from the rear of the house with his old briar pipe held firmly between his teeth.

"Come this way, Henry," he called. "We'll stroll up Tade's fields toward his house. You never can tell what we might find."

"We'll find little or nothing in poor Tade's fields," nodded Henry as he followed his neighbor over the stile.

Those were the Penal Days in Ireland when the Catholics were forbidden to kneel before their altars and adore God. When the priests were hunted over mountains, meadows and glens. Those were the days that tried men's faith, the days when many a rough altar stone on the hills was wet with the blood of the priest before the eyes of his congregation.

Those were the Godless days when the father of the household was forbidden to vote or hold office or send his children to school because he kept the faith his mother gave him. Those were cruel days when a Protestant might pur-

chase for five pounds any high priced horse or cow owned by a Catholic neighbor.

But the valiant spirited and deep faithed Irish Catholic people lived under and fought against those laws for one hundred years and finally won the day.

The valley of Kileen where James Vanstin, Henry Walker and about twenty other Protestant families resided among a population of perhaps one hundred Catholics, was a fertile farming district, free from bitterness and turmoil. The people lived in harmony.

Less than twenty years before when Father Driscoll was pastor of the parish the yoes and military came one night and burned down his straw roofed church. The grey haired priest was driven to the hills and though he never rebuilt the chapel he often stole among his people and said mass on the Knock Mountain or along the furze coated slopes of Marshal's Glen.

By some mysterious channel the Catholic population of the parish knew when Father Driscoll was in the neighborhood, and long before the appointed hour men and women flocked to the mountain-side and knelt in prayer before the rough altar.

But a few months ago Father Driscoll died and Father Casey had taken his place, a priest willing to brave the bayonets of the military rather than see the faith of their fathers die in the hearts of the people.



As James Vanstin and Henry Walker strode up the meadows toward a long white farmhouse, Tade Dowd came outside and stood in the yard.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he smiled. "Viewing my farm?"

"Looking for a Jersey cow I heard you bought," nodded James. "Thought I might make a pound or two."

"Oh, the cow is sold," frowned Tade. "You're too late this time."

"I'm losing touch with my Catholic neighbors," chuckled James. "It's only half an hour ago I heard a priest said mass in Marshal's Glen a few Sundays ago."

"No, no. In Knock Mountain," frowned Henry. "You're all wrong, James."

Tade Dowd glanced keenly into the calm, sober face of James Vanstin and shrugged his shoulders.

"Feels chilly," he muttered. "Thank I'll go inside and put on my coat."

"Think I'll go home also," muttered James.

"Nothing around here."

The poorly clad and bearded laborer was sitting before the kitchen fire when James Vanstin lifted the latch and stepped into the room.

"Everything is all right, Father Casey," he smiled. "I passed the message to Tade Dowd that mass would be in Marshal's Glen to-morrow morning."

Out! Please!

A Dreamer

WHAT choice morsel of the evening meal, in deadly duel with the gastric juice in my decomposing room, was guilty of the recent nightly stratosphere flight must ever remain a secret. Well, it does not matter. The fact remains that on said night I made an ascension to the very gates of heaven. Arrived there, I rubbed my eyes and exclaimed: "I must be dreaming." No, there was St. Peter himself, checking the data in his records with the report card of each applicant for admission. There were several ahead of me, so I fell in line and waited my turn. The golden, pearl-studded gates riveted my attention, whilst all the while I was thinking of answers to possible questions that heaven's doorkeeper might put to me, as a school boy does whilst awaiting his turn to be examined. If I only knew what had been jotted down in heaven's shorthand about me in the book of life. The gates opened—admitted one—and closed again. I moved up one place. The

gates opened again, and—I had to pinch myself to make sure that I was awake—a long line of men, and some women, too, filed out. Here was a puzzle, indeed. Why should anyone leave heaven after getting there? Believe me, if I ever get in—I had moved up automatically, and was by this time actually being plied with questions by good St. Peter. To all his questions I replied in a distracted, mechanical manner. My mind was working overtime trying to solve the riddle of men actually leaving heaven. The gates opened again, and the strange procession filed back in. I could wait no longer, but popped the question to my questioner: "Good St. Peter, tell me, pray, who are those people, and why do they leave heaven?" St. Peter, with a knowing wink and roguish smile, replied: "They are those who always left the church before mass was over, because they cannot stand to be with God for half an hour."

"Blessed is the person, who for thee,
O Lord, lets go all things created;
who offers violence to his nature, and
through fervor of spirit crucifies the
lusts of the flesh; that so his con-
science being cleared up, he may offer
to thee pure prayer, and may be
worthy to be admitted among the
choirs of angels, having excluded all
things of the earth both without and
within." Imitation of Christ.

CONVENT CALL

Jerome Palmer, O. S. B.

ONE wonders why bitter and irreligious propagandists are so diabolical in their attacks on convent life as to fill whole volumes with their many and incredible lies about the life behind the cloistered walls. One wonders until he discovers that the devil is behind it. Watson, Rutherford, and others of their ilk could never suffer from the isolation of the young women who retire to voluntary seclusion in the convents, but the work of the devil suffers, and that is why his agents make so much ado over it. Living according to a rule that has the approbation of the Church gives a virtual assurance of salvation. Unless one deliberately neglects the opportunities found there for prayer and good works one is certain of the hundredfold and the eternal life promised by Our Lord.

The glorious encomiums of our sisterhoods surpass any given to the heroes of the battlefields, even to the martyrs of the Coliseum. And justly so. Battle-scarred veterans were in many instances drafted into the war; they fought one or two hard battles, and retired covered with glory. The sisters voluntarily undertake to fight battles all their lives, and then to pass quietly and unrecognized from the minds of men. No histories perpetuate their memories to idolizing school boys. Their images do not decorate the halls of public buildings. But their rewards surpass all that our imaginations can depict. The martyrs face the rack or the flames or the wild animals for a few hours or days in

some cases, and are quickly dispatched from this vale of tears. Not so the sisters. Theirs is a lifelong martyrdom, unseen, unhailed, by the applauding world.

How mean and contemptible do the idle amusements of the worldlings seem when we think of the life of a nun! How trifling those empty pleasures that engage the young men and women compared to the spiritual conquests going on in the convents for the love of God. We see the rich wearing themselves out traveling and journeying from place to place, trying to find something to amuse them. They make their whole lives one barren circle to which they seem enchanted, going round and round in a dull repetition of the same trifles, who forget they have every moment the affairs of an eternity upon their hands. After all their turmoils they find their hands empty and feel their hearts filled only with fears and remorse and bitterness, instead of holy peace and joy with the riches of eternity in store.

However, we are not to think that the lives of the sisters are all rosy. No sister would want it to be, for she would be deprived of the greatest manifestation of God's love were she without trials. The author of the "Imitation of Christ" says: "Thou must learn to break thy own will in many things if thou wilt keep peace and concord with others; it is no small matter to dwell



in monasteries or in a congregation and to live therein without contradiction." It was St. John of the Cross who advised religious to regard themselves as stones and their brethren as so many sculptors, hammer and chisel in hand, fashioning them into statues resembling the Man of Sorrows.

Montalembert was right when he said that we are all apt to exaggerate the peace and serenity of religious life. We are right to look upon the cloister as a nest suspended amid the branches of a great tree shaken by the wind, or like the inner chamber of a vessel beaten by the waves. It is in the midst of the storm, yet in it there is shelter; a refuge always threatened, always fragile, always perishable, but still a refuge. Outside is the noise of the waves, the rain and the thunder; at every moment destruction is possible or even near. But in the meantime the soul is safe; it is calm, protected, preserved, and sails on with the humble confidence towards the port. Such joy is sufficiently tempered by the sense of insecurity, to be safe from becoming in itself a danger, a temptation to laxity, or to pride. But never forget that in the midst of the most peaceful and best regulated community there is the daily trial of the death of the individual will. There are the long hours of obscurity and silence. There is the monotony of routine, the demands of obedience, the separation from family, and perhaps the most difficult of all, the unbroken continuation of it. The horizon promises no variation or cessation until death comes to usher in the happy reward.

Yes, convent life is a prison; but its confinement is voluntary. It is a prison like the ark

of Noe, preserving its inmates from perdition. Those outside the ark had more room and more freedom of movement, but they perished, while those who were in the ark were saved from harm. If religious life is a grave, like the grave of Jesus it leads to glory and immortality. If it is a chain, it serves to keep in check those passions that would lead to ruin.

It certainly is not just to convent life to picture it as nothing more than a life-long struggle with one's passions. There is not to be found a happier group of women anywhere than behind the cloister walls. And it may not be an exaggeration to say that the stricter the discipline the happier the sisters living under it. But the happiness is of a different kind than that usually described in novels. The sweet scent of roses and lilies in the chapel, the soft tread of a daintily shod foot, the rustling of graceful skirts and the quiet jingling of beads and medals do not compensate for the trying odors of the sick room, the splitting headaches of the hard day's work, or to make the lesson more human still, the perspiration and heat of the wimple and bonnet, the embarrassing gazing of impudent street urchins and the scandalous lies of so-called "ex-nuns."

Surely if some of our bitter writers and lecturers who pretend to know so much about religious life in convents, with the abuses there practiced, had a little more of the faith of these heroines, they would get down on their knees and beg forgiveness of those whom they have wronged, and then prostrate at the feet of these sisters they would ask for much-needed prayers—and they would get them of a kind to be found nowhere else this side of heaven.



Animated Dust

To Thee, O Christ,
Creator, Cornerstone,
Who makest new, and makest one,
Who by prophetic lips hast said:
"Your *stony* heart I'll take away,
And give you one of *flesh* instead,"
I come today.

But first,
As Cornerstone, Thou must
Fulfill the words of prophecy—
Which Thy evangelist recalls:
"This Stone shall grind him into dust,
On Whomsoever It falls"—
On me.

Then, as
Creator, take
This lowly dust—my former *heart of stone*,
That through its self-adoring pride
And love of self had petrified—
New-modeled by Thy Hands Divine,
And from it make
A *heart of flesh*, like Thine,
That will love Thee alone.

—Placidus S. Kempf, O. S. B.



OUR UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

IT IS hard to find the beauty of cooperation better expressed than in the harmonious blending of a large symphony orchestra. Under the baton of a master every note of a Beethoven Symphony or a Wagner opera is played in exact time, with just the right shade of tone-color and volume needed to bring out the desired effect. Let one player blow a false note, or let there be one instrument out of tune, and the harmony is at once broken.

Some years ago THE GRAIL undertook to conduct a symphony. The director stepped to the platform, tapped with his baton, and gave the signal to the orchestra to start playing. Beautiful strains of music rose in ever swelling crescendo—for a while. Every player kept perfect tempo and had his instrument perfectly attuned. But after a time the players grew weary. One after the other they put down their instruments, until the director found himself waving his baton frantically over the heads of the sleeping orchestra. Perhaps they waited to see what would happen next.

Day after day there came to the GRAIL letters of young men desiring to set out for an exalted state in life, in fact, the most exalted. They felt called to the Priesthood and turned for help to THE GRAIL, founded especially to aid young men in just that predicament.

Twelve years of hard study did not frighten these ambitious young men; they were willing to study a hundred years if need be. Leaving home and family did not shake their resolution. Mediocre talents did not disturb them greatly. But there was one obstacle that made them hesitate and in many cases abandon their quest. That was the financial problem. One can study even when it is unpleasant; one can overcome many physical and mental handicaps; one can become homesick and wash it away with tears, but one cannot pay board and tuition with holy desires.

And so the young men wrote to various seminaries, asking free tuition, or reductions, or opportunity to

work their way through the seminary. The first, if granted, would soon prove the end of any institution. The second would cause endless difficulty and be of little help to anyone. The third is impossible. The daily routine of the seminary life leaves no time for private work. Necessary recreation consumes all unoccupied time that the student may have relaxation, enough, at least, to assure good health and a cheerful disposition.

After hundreds of requests THE GRAIL started four student scholarships. Patrons were invited to send their contributions to THE GRAIL, which money would then be put on deposit, the interest, when the necessary amount was reached, to pay the tuition of some seminarian. The amount required at that time was five thousand dollars. The low rate of interest now obtainable, and the higher cost of food would make that sum inadequate for a full scholarship.

Naturally few persons felt that they could afford such an amount. They realized the beautiful form of charity and the rich reward, but the generous heart is not always the one having the most to give. But if they were not able to supply for a student, they could join together with some others and perhaps among them furnish a scholarship for some of those needy and deserving boys.

This is where the unfinished symphony comes in. The director raised his baton and the scholarships were off with "full orchestra." That was in December, 1919. Eighteen years ago! And the scholarships then founded, in honor of the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Benedict, and St. Anthony, are still unfinished. Imagine some poor boy waiting for that interest so that he can take up his course of studies!

Yes, some laughed, perhaps, as the orchestra fell asleep; some left in disgust, and those who are still watching for the completion of the symphony may yet be rewarded by a burst of heavenly music unsurpassed even by Wagner or Beethoven. The great and generous donors, the virtuosos of the great orchestra, may have resigned; they may have given their wealth to

My Beggar

PLACIDUS S. KEMPF, O. S. B.

A gentle knock
Resounds upon my well-barred door.
"Another beggar's there, no doubt!"

* * *

As I undo the lock
And peer without.
To see who would my help implore,
A gentle face with noble mien,
And eager eyes beneath a kingly brow, serene,
Plead for a trifling gift that I alone can give.
He does not ask for food and drink that he may live,
But only for a little love. And yet
My heart is adamant.
I say: "I can't,
Today."

* * *

Without complaint
He slowly moves away.
With welling tears his eyes grow wet.

But I—grow faint,
Whilst perspiration bathes my features pale.
For in his closing palm I see tattooed
A heart—with which my love he would have wooed—
Made by a cruel nail.



other causes and have gone to reap their reward. But the orchestra is now recruiting new members, not among the wealthy upon whom the demands are legion, but among hard-working women who perhaps have no children of their own, having long ago abandoned that possibility to God in virtuous chastity, among aged grandmothers, from house-maids, and laundry women. They are to be the players in this orchestra. If God could use poor fishermen for Apostles, and often *does* use less able instruments for His work, He will be pleased with the music of these poor persons. And you may be sure that they are going to *finish* the symphony. Their music will not be great solos, but small staccato

notes, played at just the right time, to bring the symphony to a close, and to assist young men to their coveted goal.

Here is the present state of the Scholarships:

Blessed Mother: \$4088.72.

St. Joseph: \$3697.09.

St. Benedict: \$3688.96. Lately contributed K. A. R., Ala., \$9.00.

St. Anthony: \$3411.64.

Please send contributions of any amount to THE GRAIL, Benedictine Abbey, St. Meinrad, Ind.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS

A. F.

NO PERIOD in history has been the object of so much calumny and misrepresentation as the Middle Ages. Only in comparatively recent times have the prejudices of centuries been broken down, the slanders and falsehoods disproved, and the real truth brought to light. In the minds of bigoted or misinformed historians, the Middle Ages were, above all, times of deepest ignorance and intellectual darkness; indeed, they have been given the opprobrious title of *Dark Ages*. Does the title fit? Let us see.

We have already observed in a previous article how Europe in the third, fourth and fifth centuries was literally overrun by the barbarian tribes. We have seen how these savage peoples gradually swallowed up every mark of culture and civilization; how finally even Rome itself fell before their terrible onslaught. We have seen, too, how God raised up St. Benedict and his Order to convert and civilize these peoples, to build up from chaotic ruin a splendid, cultured, Christian civilization.

This was not the task of a day, nor of a year, but the work of centuries. There were deep-seated prejudices to overcome, pagan traditions to wipe out, ignorance and superstition to dispel, and Christian principles to inculcate. Hence, the fact that the first few centuries were relatively dark is not to be denied; nor is it to be marveled at. "The wonder is," as Father

Magevney, S. J., says, "not that the times were dark, but that there was *any* light at all." But to say that the Middle Ages as such were times of darkness and ignorance is a base falsehood; and to blame the Church and her monks for what ignorance did exist is worse than falsehood; it is injustice. The Middle Ages were not dark ages, but rather, in the words of Christopher Dawson, "ages of dawn." During these centuries the monks were the principal, and often the only educators.

One of the most important means which the monks employed in bringing civilization and culture to the barbarians was, of course, formal education. First, there was necessary the education of the monks themselves, drawn as they were for the most part from the very peoples they were to Christianize and instruct.

From the very earliest times (in fact, the Rule itself intimates it), young boys were admitted into the cloisters, there to be trained and taught, either as monks or with the intention of one day becoming monks. These boys were known as "oblates." St. Maurus and St. Placidus, disciples of St. Benedict himself, were placed under his guidance already at a tender age. We know too that these "oblates" were given an excellent education, so excellent, indeed, that people were only too eager to have all their children, even those not intended for the religious life, to share in it. Hence, in the

course of time, a distinct school for externs was established outside the cloister.

In these monastic schools there was no distinction of persons. Noble scions sat at the same bench with the children of the poorest peasant. For example, Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, received his early education in a Benedictine cloister school. Since at least one such school was attached to every monastery, and the number of monasteries in a few centuries ran up into the thousands, one can easily imagine the far-reaching influence of the monastic system of education.

First and foremost was, of course, the moral and religious training the monks afforded their pupils. Obedience, self-restraint and piety were inculcated with a firm, though not a severe hand. Corporal punishment was, indeed, resorted to at times, though only in a moderate and reasonable degree, and not excessively, as bigoted historians like to suppose. The careful study of the Sacred Scriptures and the Fathers of the Church was of prime importance. We have already seen in a former article how the monks copied books and preserved them for posterity.

The course of secular studies pursued in the monastic institutions of learning was divided into two branches—the Trivium and the Quadrivium. The Trivium embraced grammar (literature), rhetoric (history), and logic and was taken first, while the Quadrivium comprised arithmetic, music, geometry (geography) and astronomy (physics). Of course, these subjects presupposed the acquisition of reading and writing and elementary training. Latin was the language and had to be acquired even before the vernacular. Music, particularly later on in the form of Gregorian Chant, was given a place of great importance. Among the miscellaneous subjects taught and studied in various schools, we find such things as agriculture, architecture, medicine, and zoology.

The education afforded by the monks was absolutely free; in many cases even, as Venerable Bede attests, indigent pupils were provided with food and clothing.

The schools of which we have been speaking correspond roughly to our present day high-schools; in the late Middle Ages some of them

were to develop into famous universities. Salerno, the first modern university, was founded as a monastic school; so also were Cambridge, Oxford, and York, to cite but a few.

Doubtless, two of the greatest representatives of early medieval scholarship were the Venerable Bede in England and Blessed Alcuin in France. To the former's prestige as an historian we have already made reference; the latter, Alcuin, has well been called "the most learned man of his age."

Charlemagne, upon hearing of Alcuin's renown as a teacher, called him, then a monk in the monastery of York, to the Empire to become the director of the Palace School. This Palace School, founded by the King, was rather a center of learning than a distinct school. From it, under Alcuin's able guidance and that of his illustrious successors, emanated the highest scholarship of the time.

Another zealous promoter of monastic education was Alfred the Great, King of England, who ascended the throne in the year 872 A. D. For many years, when conditions forced the monks on the continent to discontinue their work of education, the torch of learning was kept burning in the many cloisters which dotted the British Isles.

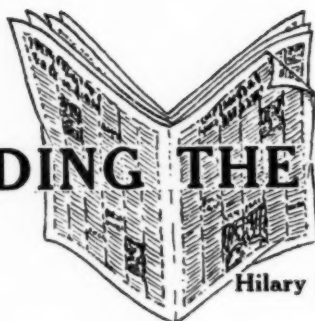
Though repeated barbarian incursions and other adverse circumstances often brought the work of education to a standstill, and though the monks were frequently obliged to carry on their labors in the face of tremendous difficulties, monastic education in the early Middle Ages accomplished wonders for European civilization.

Treasures of Heaven

PASCHAL BOLAND, O. S. B.

Death's the gathering up and the taking away,
Now at noon, now at eve, now at break of the day
Of the ones that we love—our treasures most dear,
To the storehouse of Heaven, God the Auctioneer.

OUR TREASURES TO US WILL NOT BE RESTORED
UNLESS WE SERVE WELL OUR GOD AND OUR LORD.



READING THE NEWS

with

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

AT A CHURCH SOCIAL

WHILE attending a picnic or social conducted by a Catholic parish, one's mind necessarily takes on a more optimistic outlook for the Church and for our country. On these occasions there is gathered together a cross-section of what might be called the best in American life. Not all will consider them so; there are not many rich among them, not many civic leaders, not many of the best educated (a very doubtful term).

The men are workingmen; the women are wives and mothers. The children are numerous. The young men and young women are frolicsome and noisy. That is well. Watch them when they meet a priest on the grounds. There is nothing furtive about them; they are open, modest, friendly. In the stands, members of the parish are working hard in a good-humored way. All are giving of their best freely in the good cause of their church. There is a general absence of ostentation, hypocrisy, and indifference to others.

Mingle with these fine people and hear what they say about things of general interest; for instance, about the present labor troubles. Men are quite positive about it that the C. I. O. is a bad thing for labor. The leaders ought to be jailed so that men could go on working. After all, what can labor profit from it? It seems that the only ones who are profiting are the agitators. Besides, this movement

looks more red each day. Gradually names are becoming prominent in it, names which are out and out communistic. How, then, can a sensible workingman join with them?

At this time of writing a woman flyer, who was endeavoring to fly around the world, is lost somewhere in the Pacific. The newspapers are filled with the event. The United States Navy is cooperating in a very handsome manner towards finding her. Listen to the people. Good women are asking why a woman must engage in activities. It may surprise some to know that these women generally regard woman's place as the home, acting as devoted wife and mothering her children. Then, why these over-publicized trips around the world? What good can they possibly do, except to enrich those who promote them? Lastly, people have some idea as to what it is costing American taxpayers to have a good part of the navy searching daily for this lost flyer. Some compute it at about \$200,000 a day. And at the same time the government is foreclosing on farms which owe a tiny fraction of this amount; a laboring man finds it impossible to borrow \$25 to tide him over a trying period.

Congress these days comes in for more comment than before. Our legislators have been in session a long time. People read of much political maneuvering, of fishing trips, of jollification parties, of speeches delivered over radio and at other gatherings by various members of this Congress. But they do

not hear much of constructive legislation. The national debt is huge beyond anything yet dreamed of; taxes are soaring like an escaped balloon; the price of necessary commodities is pressingly high. What is Congress doing to relieve the people? A new Court Bill is now being fought over. The old one was inexorably condemned by all; yet this one is the same as the old, with but slight modifications. Will Congress submit weakly to the dictation of the White House? Some day the people are going to vote again. Let us hope that they examine the records of those who will be up for reelection before they vote.

LEGAL VERSUS MORAL

THE CHURCH of Christ is the only authoritative source to decide the morality of things, that is, as to whether a thing is good or bad in the sight of God. When mere men assume to themselves this right, they are bound sooner or later to decide wrongly. On the other hand, it is necessary that men in power should pass laws governing our social life. The unfortunate thing now is that people, having forgotten God and His Church, have formulated new interpretations of the morality of things. In other words, there are many who will say that when a thing is not forbidden expressly by the laws of the State, one may very well consider it as not wrong.

A recent instance noted in the papers brings this fact to light in a prominent way. A man who ranks

high among American financiers was accused of tax evasion. It was found that by making use of certain loopholes in our tax laws—of which there seem to be many—he was able to avoid paying huge sums on his holdings. He admitted the fact, and then brought forward in his defense that he considered himself in no way at fault, since, if a thing can be legally avoided, it was all right to avoid it. No moral stigma could be attached to such avoidance.

Such moral outlook can be found in numerous other cases. Thus, we know that sterilization is directly against the law of God; the State has no right to mutilate the bodies of its citizens without their consent. Yet a majority of our States have passed laws compelling certain ones to submit to this mutilation. Not long ago the American Medical Association took upon itself officially to censure the practice of birth control and to spread abroad knowledge and means towards its increase. In godless Russia they have given the O. K. to what might be termed free love, or the barnyard method of breeding children. Though this revolting thing has not as yet been made legal here, we all know that the philosophy of American education has already done so among millions of our young people.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE POOR taste displayed in so many radio broadcasts must certainly come home to anyone with a bit of culture and discrimination. There is too much cheap music, rapid sentiment and untruth in the advertising, threadbare, silly jokes from so-called comedians, etc. But particularly in the broadcasts intended for children is this bad taste and dangerous ignorance of children displayed. The appended lines, taken from the first number of the *American Cavalcade*, are so fine a satire on these broadcasts that I cannot help giving them in full:

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

OR LONGFELLOW DIDN'T KNOW THE
HALF OF IT

By Berton Braley

Between the dark and the daylight,
There comes from each radio
tower,

A series of gentle broadcasts,
That are known as the Children's
Hour.

And the girls and the boys are gathered,
To listen with bated breath,
To educational programs,
Of Murder and Sudden Death.

Then the air is athrob with sirens,
As the ears of the Little Ones,
Tune in to the soothing echoes,
Of "gats" and of Tommy-guns.

And the eyes of the kids are popping,
As they listen and wait, perplexed,
By the educational problem
Of who will be rubbed out next.

Grave Alice and Laughing Allegra,
And Harry and Dick and Tom,
Hear music of sawed-off shotguns,
Accompanied by a bomb;

And quiver and shake and shiver,
At the tender and pleasant quirks,
Of a gang of affable yeggmen,
Giving some "punk" the Works!

And they listen in awesome silence,
To the talk of some mobster group,
As they're opening up a bank-vault,
With nitro-glycerine "soup";

Oh, sweet is the noise of battle,
To children's listening ears,
As the guns of detectives answer,
The guns of the racketeers,

And these educational programs
Will make the youngsters cower,
And the night will be filled with
nightmares
Induced by the Children's Hour!

APPRECIATING OUR SCHOOLS

AS THE beginning of the school year comes around, it is yearly evident that there are a large number of Catholic parents who do not either understand or appreciate as they should the benefits of a Catholic education for their children. They seek in every way possible to send their little ones to public schools or State universities in preference to Catholic schools. Others simply enroll their children in public schools without further ado.

One wonders if they have their eyes at all open; if they had, they could so easily see what irreligious education is doing to our youth. Let them also read of what is happening in Germany, where the fiendish wisdom of that government is making sure of the corruption of Catholic children by closing Catholic schools and making it compulsory to attend schools where pure paganism

and materialism are taught, and where immorality is neither frowned upon nor forbidden. Perhaps some day—which God forbid—it may happen here. Then when it shall be too late will an appreciation come to them of what they could have had and have lost.

GOVERNMENT BY SOCIAL JUSTICE

CRIME, disorder, violence, bloodshed are the things that make history, or at least they are the things with which the pages of history are filled. So also is it with the headlines in our newspapers. Justice, order, and peace seldom make the headlines. An example of all this may be cited in reference to our recent labor disorders. Papers are still carrying items about the unfortunate affair of Chicago in which several men were killed; yet this was a small strike, one may say, compared to that in the automobile industries of Michigan. And this latter is long quite out of public notice. It is good, therefore, that Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan, as quoted in the *New York Times*, reminds all of the fact that the settlement of those several strikes was brought about speedily and in a peaceable manner solely because the governor sought to bring always to the conference table solid principles of social justice as the best and only solution of the difficulties, while excluding emotion, hysteria, and greed. We often hear quoted those beautiful words of the Prophet Isaiah concerning the reign of the future Messias, when the lion should be at peace with the lamb, when men should turn their swords into ploughshares; and, on hearing, we naturally wonder why they have not been more literally fulfilled. The reason has always been that men have disregarded the teachings of this Messias; they have allowed human wisdom and human passion to rule rather than the Justice which is of God. May the time soon come when our rulers, like Governor Murphy, hark back more readily to the unchangeable rules of God's justice in composing economic, social, national, and international difficulties and problems.



The Ceaseless Chant

David Duesing, O. S. B.



BEFORE it pleased God to diffuse His goodness by calling into being angels, the material world, and man, the three divine Persons of the Godhead rendered themselves supreme and adequate praise. Although nothing was wanting to the happiness and glory of God in this inner life of the Trinity, His inherent goodness prompted Him in a manner to share His beatitude with other beings. Creation's first fruits, the angels, realizing their relation to their God, spontaneously send forth to Him canticles of unending praise and gratitude.

On earth it is man's duty to do the same, not for himself alone, but because of his position as High-priest of the visible world he must represent the irrational and even the inanimate. "All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord; praise and exalt Him above all forever. Let the earth bless the Lord; let it praise and exalt Him above all forever."

The virtue of justice whereby we render to each one his due obliges us by the natural law to worship and glorify Him, by Whom and in Whom we are. This we do by sacrifice, primarily, and by prayer implying a reverential communication of our soul with God. From the beginning men banded together for the purpose of fulfilling their religious obligations much the same as the angels in heaven who do not chant the divine praises singly but grouped together forming choirs. Our ancestors sacrificed in common and they prayed in common long before He came Who assured us that "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

It was not, however, until the coming of Christ that this earth of ours sent forth praise and honor worthy of an Infinite Being. From the first moment of the Incarnation until His triumphal return to heaven Christ's life was one unbroken act glorifying His Father. "Sacrifice and oblation Thou wouldst not—then said I: Behold I come." He lovingly confided this

great work of His to the Church, His Spouse, that she might continue the sacrifice of praise until the end of time. Within the Church Christ founded are certain chosen souls living the Christian life more intensely whom we know as priests and religious, and who, because of a more intimate association with Christ in His Church, have the sacred duty of chanting the praises of God or the "Divine Office," so called. Where many such consecrated souls live together as in monasteries or convents we find a choir wherein the community assembles during the day and night solely to chant this "Office" so pleasing to God, because it is not only the prayer of individuals, but the prayer of the Church offered through her officially constituted representatives.

One of the first things to impress visitors to a Benedictine Abbey is, undoubtedly, the frequent sound of bells. The fact is, whenever the monks are summoned to choir, according to an ancient tradition, the bells in the church tower announce it to the surrounding country so that monks who cannot be present on account of work detaining them, might join in spirit with their brethren, and, too, that the villagers might pause a while in their labors to raise mind and heart to God. Millet seems to have seized the idea when he executed his masterpiece, "The Angelus."

Before making their entrance into choir the monks form in line at the entrance of the choir chapel. The purpose of this "station" is the elimination of every preoccupying thought, the putting aside of all things calculated to hinder free commune of the soul with its God. And so with a mind delivered from distraction they present themselves to their King, veiled under the Eucharistic species, to chant the song most dear to Him, the Canticle of His Bride, the Church. Made one with the melody of His Sacred Heart, this hymn ascends to the Father, magnifying His perfections, appeasing His wrath for the sins of men, as a thank-offering

for the benefits received, imploring His mercy for new blessings.

Today few realize the excellence of the Church's official prayer. Still, despite modern indifference in this regard, history attests to the great love our forefathers had for the Work of God and instances are given of emperors and kings accounting themselves privileged to assist at "Matins," the night office, in some monastery of their realm. Often holy zeal moved them to found and endow monastic institutions so that the Divine Office might be chanted not merely at intervals during the day, but continuously as one unbroken anthem of praise. In those days the spiritual world was far more tangible to men and greater numbers embraced the life of the Counsels, thus making possible this "perennial praise."

One might well say that since the day of St.

Benedict in the sixth century there has never been a moment when in some part of the world a band of his monks was not assembled in choir chanting the praises of God. Plagues, pestilences, fires, and wars have ravaged all the countries and most of the abbeys since that time, but always the chant went on. Our readers will be edified to know that the chant has never been omitted at St. Meinrad since officially begun in 1858. Even while the ruins of the abbey still smoldered after the disastrous fire in 1887, the monks gathered in the village and chanted Vespers. During the influenza epidemic in 1918-19 the ranks of the choir were at times so thinned that not more than two monks stood on each side; yet the chanting went on, and with God's help will go on until silenced by the clap of doom that will change all temporal chant to an eternal.

The QUEST for TRUTH

Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

The Quest is on again.

There is perhaps no Catholic practice which is more confused than that of fast and abstinence. Our first question is therefore very practical. It is a good opportunity to iron out some unnecessary wrinkles.

Some days of the year are announced from the pulpit as days of fast and abstinence. Other days are called simply days of fasting, and still others are just days of abstinence. What is the difference between all these?

Fast and abstinence are two distinct things.

Abstinence means refraining from a certain kind of food, namely, flesh meat. Fasting means refraining from all food except at certain times and in specified amounts.

Fasting refers to the *quantity* of food taken, whereas abstinence refers only to one kind of food, namely, flesh meat. On a simple day of abstinence, such as each Friday throughout the year, the eating of flesh meat and meat products is forbidden. On a day of fasting only, for example, the week days of Lent excluding Wednesdays and Fridays, one full meal is permitted, together with a light breakfast of bread and coffee and a moderate luncheon or collation for the third meal; at the principal meal meat may be eaten. On certain days of the year, such as the Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent, the Ember Days, and the Vigils of certain great feasts, both fasting and abstinence are obligatory. These are known as days of fast *and* abstinence.

Some time ago a request for information concerning the rosary or chaplet of the Infant Jesus of Prague was sent in by an interested person in a nearby city. Because of difficulty in securing the proper information, the answer to this request has been unduly delayed.

I have a rosary of the Infant Jesus of Prague which my husband found. I do not know how to pray it. I do not know if it is the whole rosary or not. It contains a medal of the Infant Jesus of Prague, three large beads and ten small beads. Anything you can tell me will be greatly appreciated.

The rosary which you have is not complete. Evidently two of the beads have been lost. The rosary or little chaplet of the Infant Jesus consists of a medal, three large beads and twelve small beads. On the large beads are said three Our Fathers in honor of the Holy Family; on the twelve small beads are said twelve Hail Marys in memory of the twelve years of the childhood of Jesus. Each Our Father and Hail Mary should be preceded by the words: "And the word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us." Pope Pius IX granted three hundred days' indulgence for the recitation of this little chaplet or rosary.

The Mass is always a fruitful source of questions. It really is the Mass that matters. Every question about the Mass should be interesting. So this one.

Does the bread that is used in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass have to be specially made bread or could the priest use any kind of bread?

A priest *can* use any kind of wheaten bread and say Mass validly, but he *may* use only a certain kind. This kind of bread that may be used varies in the different rites. In the Latin rite (to which we belong) the bread used in the Mass should be unleavened wheaten bread, a mixture of only flour and water. In the various Eastern rites, however, leavened bread, that is, yeast bread, is used. For the Consecration to be *valid* it is necessary that the host be real wheaten bread, regardless of the fact of whether or not it is fermented or leavened. But the Church nevertheless prescribes by law the use of unleavened bread in the Latin rite. Whilst the use of any other kind of real wheat bread would not invalidate the Sacrifice of the Mass, priests of the Latin rite are never permitted to use any but unleavened bread, except in very rare instances.

Again it's the Mass. Another question on the center of Catholic worship follows immediately.

In a Solemn High Mass why does the priest walk up and down before the altar and incense it? What is the symbolic meaning of the incensation?

To anyone who attends a Solemn High Mass frequently this question may sound a bit odd. But I can easily appreciate it. For most Catholics a Solemn High Mass is a festive treat. The many unusual ceremonies in a Solemn High Mass are bound to excite the curiosity of anyone who is alert. That is often a healthy sign.

Incense has been used from ancient times as a symbol of honor and respect due to noble persons. The Church has incorporated this symbolic practice into her sacred liturgy. Since the altar represents Christ, honor and respect are shown to Him by incensing the altar. This mark of honor is not reserved to Christ alone but is also shown to the clergy and laity who are present in the church. It is always the altar which is incensed first. Why? Because the altar represents Christ who is the Head. Only after the Head, Christ, has been honored are the members, the clergy and laity, also shown honor and respect. So much for the incensation and its significance. The motions of the priest while incensing the altar are not left to his own discretion, but are minutely regulated by ceremonial law. In the Sacred Action of the Mass nothing is permitted which would diminish the reverence and dignity becoming its sublime meaning.

From the Mass to Baptism is not a great step. The following question takes in both by way of comparison.

Since Baptism is so necessary for salvation, is it considered to be a greater sacrament than the Holy Eucharist?

No. The greatest of all the sacraments is the Holy Eucharist. Why? It contains Jesus Christ Himself, the source and author of all grace and supernatural life. While not the greatest sacrament, Baptism is nevertheless the most necessary of all the sacraments. Without Baptism in one of its three forms (water,

blood, desire) it is impossible to be saved. On the other hand it is possible to be saved without receiving the sacrament of Holy Eucharist, as happens in the case of infants who die shortly after Baptism or of adults who cannot receive the Holy Eucharist.

The existence and status of the Oriental Churches is an enigma to many Catholics. Admittedly it is a complex problem, much like the intricate configurations of an Oriental rug. The following question and answer may help to unravel a few of these intricacies.

Would it be considered apostasy from the faith for a Catholic to change from the Roman Catholic Church to one of the Eastern Churches?

That depends upon the kind of Eastern Church that is meant. It certainly would not be apostasy to change to one of the Eastern Catholic or Uniat Churches, which are united to the Church of Rome, the only distinction between them being the liturgical rites and external discipline proper to each. But if a Catholic should join one of the Eastern schismatic Churches, the self-styled "Orthodox" Churches, which are separated from the true Church on certain points of doctrine and practice, he would thereby abandon the true faith. Such a defection from the Church, however, is not considered apostasy in the strict sense, for apostasy means the total renunciation of the Christian faith. Such a person would be considered rather as a schismatic or heretic.



Toward a More Christ-like Life

These passages are taken from TITANIC'S KNELL, a spiritual meditation on the ill-fated vessel that struck an iceberg in 1912. The book can be purchased from THE GRAIL for fifty cents.

Man hugs the very things that strangle him.
How difficult it is for heaven's grace
To make a conquest of a moneyed heart!

* * * * *
Pride still convinces us our faults are virtues.

* * * * *
In haste with waste is hidden many a pain.

* * * * *
O madness of earth's denizens! our hist'ry
Is one long parody on Paradise.

* * * * *
Her beauty was her woe—as Lucifer's.

* * * * *
How many things there are that being loved
Were worthier of everlasting hatred.

* * * * *
Rich grace abounds—man's will is all that's lacking.
Even that is his but for the bending; let him bend it
While it is hot, and thereby break in sunder
The pond'rous gates of hell.

The Archdeacon's Surprise Party

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

PERSECUTION. Hard, ruthless word, a word filled with sleepless nights, hollow-eyed watchers, treachery, apostasy, blood and martyrdom. Persecution was come to Rome again.

Like lightning out of a clear sky came the emperor's edict of persecution. It was avarice. One by one the members of wealthy Christian families were arrested, tried,

and condemned, their property and money confiscated.

On the frontiers the barbarians pressed the weakening Roman legions. Desertion of the legionaires, quite common since the coming of the barrack emperors, alarmed Valerian.

Back pay was what the soldiers wanted. Even the pretorian guards,

the backbone of the emperor's power in the capital had struck.

Money. It needed only the prefect's suggestion about the wealth of the Christians, and the fabulous treasury of the Christian churches to start off Valerian's new persecution. It was an old grudge, and here was his chance to feed it fat.

Heretofore the Christian rabble had been thrown to the lions of the circus maximus, or pitched upon the tridents of the gladiators, but this time the crafty Valerian was after the Christian leaders, especially the wealthy Christian leaders. In the first blood purge Pope Sixtus went from the Mammertine prison to the block, leaving behind him a frightened and disconsolate flock.

AT MIDNIGHT, the day of Pope Sixtus's execution, dark shadowy figures moved ghost-like against the background of a Roman burial vault, figures stepping noiselessly, carrying bundled under their cloaks the few precious chalices and treasures of the Catholic Church.

At a word from their leader the muffled figures halted, blending their shadowy forms into the vague grayness of the stone vault.

"Wait, Tuscanus," whispered the hooded leader of the nocturnal band.

Tuscanus turned on the leader, the Archdeacon Lawrence, a pair of furtive eyes gleaming like a cat's in the dark cavern of his hood.

"This is far enough," said Lawrence softly. "Tuscanus, you are quick of eye and fleet of foot. Put down your bundle here, and hurry back to the Appian Way. Watch with those sharp eyes of yours, for our safety is in your hands."

Without a word, but with a dark flash of malice in his eyes the small cat-like Tuscanus laid his bundle at the feet of Lawrence, and vanished in the gray darkness in the direction of the Appian Road.

Lawrence waited until the retreating foot-falls of Tuscanus had taken him out of ear shot. Lawrence did not trust Tuscanus. The sacred ves-



sels of the Altar, and the treasury of the Christians would be safer if Tuscanus did not know where the valuables were cached.

"Crispin," commanded Lawrence, turning to a youth of eighteen, "Stay here, and keep a watch for Tuscanus. He is dangerous. If he should return too soon come quickly to warn us. You will find us at the tomb of Tullius Sextus. We bury the Church valuables in the catacomb tunnel there."

Crispin watched the loyal little band of Christians follow Lawrence across the dark cemetery. All the earthly treasure of the Roman Church was there. Unless Lawrence found a good hiding place, the chalices and precious vessels, and vestments would fall into the hands of Valerian and his greedy pagans.

It was lonely in the old graveyard. Lonely and still. Crispin could hear the footsteps of Lawrence and his band moving out near the vault of Tullius Sextus. Then he could hear nothing. Only the darkness like a clammy blanket enveloped him, and cut him off from every living thing.

His next sensation was a shadow, a tangible shadow beside him, touching him. The prickly feeling of fright that danced up and down his spine left his throat hot and dry. He could not cry out. His feet were mill stones. It was then that Crispin felt a hot fire in his chest like a red-hot poker, once...twice... the poker seared his lungs with its hot sharpness.

Blood welled up into his throat as the dagger of Tuscanus cut savagely into his heart. Crispin managed one gurgling scream. His breath was bringing up great mouthfuls of blood now. His breast was hot like fire, and soggy. He died with this hot and soggy feeling. Yet even as he died one clear thought mingled with his act of contrition. It was this thought that died with him. Tuscanus was a traitor.

VERY early in the morning after the execution of Pope Sixtus and the murder of Crispin in the old burial grounds, Felix Tuscanus knocked at the door of the prefect of Rome.

"Come in," cried Mullox the pre-

fect gruffly, a little surprised at so early a visitor.

Tuscanus let himself cautiously into the room where Rome's high prefect lolled clumsily on a lounge too small for one of his tonnage.

"Beg your pardon, my lord, but I have important information for the emperor."

"Who are you, and what has such as you to do with Valerian?"

"Tuscanus is my name, and I was once a Christian, but," added the little man quickly as he saw the scowl of the prefect, "am one no longer. I bring information to Caesar about the treasury of the Christians."

"You are a lying dog of the Christians!" sneered the prefect. "How can a Roman believe a traitor's word?"

"My lord, I do not lie," protested Tuscanus turning white at the word traitor.

"We'll soon see if you lie. There is a way that we have with liars and Christians, a way of getting the truth."

A curt order from the prefect, and two soldiers seized Tuscanus and fastened him quickly to a convenient rack. A single spin of the crank filled the room with the screams of Tuscanus whose body writhed like a snake on the torture machine. Limp and trembling Tuscanus lifted his face to the prefect, a face lined with agony, and wet with sweat.

"It is the truth, my lord," whined the traitor miserably. "Lawrence, the archdeacon, knows where they have hidden the treasures of the Church."

Mullox studied the pain-lined face of Tuscanus. He was satisfied that the traitor and apostate had told him the truth. At his direction a soldier unfastened Tuscanus from the rack. Weakly Tuscanus leaned against the wall. His legs gave way and he fell prone on the floor. Mullox looked down on him as he would at a whipped dog.

"Let him lie there until he is rested, then he will take us to Lawrence's house."

Lawrence was praying alone in a back room of his house when he heard the soldiers at the front door. He signed himself quickly. He had expected this visit of the prefect. He expected more than that. Be-

fore tomorrow night he would be one with the dead Pope Sixtus and the holy martyrs. Sixtus had prophesied: "Do not weep, my son; in three days you will follow me."

The Archdeacon had barely time to cross the room, when the soldiers of Mullox the prefect, led by the traitor Tuscanus, broke into the front room.

Lawrence felt himself handcuffed. He heard the leader's short command: "To the house of the prefect."

No word was exchanged, no energy or time lost as the soldiers hurried the archdeacon through the quiet, narrow Roman streets.

Mullox, fat and perspiring in his toga and his ill-fitting dignity, fixed his ugly, bloodshot eyes on Lawrence.

"You are the Christian archdeacon Lawrence?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Lawrence calmly.

Mullox coughed and spat in the direction of the archdeacon.

"You are a bold breaker of laws, archdeacon," growled Mullox; "I should have your handsome head hacked off for your Christian stubbornness. But I won't."

Lawrence said nothing. The fat prefect continued: "Well, is it nothing to you that your carcass will not keep company with that old man Sixtus? That old man, what a spectacle he made lying there in his welter like a butchered dog, and the Christian rats sopping up his blood with their rats. Well archdeacon, I'll spare you from the pious bloodsoppers if you will do me a favor."

Lawrence had turned white at the carefully worded impiety, but he was able to answer quite indifferently. "Yes?"

Mullox creased his thick lips in a grin: "If you will promise to show me where you have hidden your Christian offerings and treasury, you are a free man."

Lawrence did not answer at once, and the bystanders wondered. Mullox, pleased beyond words, pressed his proposal: "Does my offer need reflection? To choose between bloodsoppers and liberty should take no time."

Lawrence looked in the direction of the prefect, but his gaze went beyond him. There played in the gray

eyes of the archdeacon a mixture of emotions, the one tenderness, the other humor. Mullox could not tell that Lawrence was laughing at him when the archdeacon finally answered:

"Yes, lordship, I accept your bargain. Give me three days, and I will show you such wealth as the Roman empire has never seen."

"Three days?" repeated Mullox flushed with pleasure at Lawrence's acceptance of his bribe. "Three days? I can give you three days, archdeacon. Then take me to your treasury, or, by Bacchus, I'll roast you like a stuffed pig. Three days. You are free till then."

IN TWO days Lawrence had everything ready. So he informed Mullox the prefect. Mullox loved formality, and ordered out an escort of slaves and soldiers to carry back to the palace of the emperor and the villa of the prefect the anticipated wealth of the Church of Rome.

Many notables and enemies of the Church joined the strange procession as it left the prefect's house and moved slowly to the chapel of St. Calixtus on the outskirts of the city. At the head of the retinue rode a Roman centurion, proud and formal in his rank and dignity. Beside him, keeping easy pace with the officer's mount, walked the archdeacon, Lawrence, a suppressed mirth in his whole manner. How could a man look so cheerful when he was turning over to the enemies of his Church her precious treasury?

As the prefect's band of treasure hunters neared the chapel where Lawrence had told them that they would find the wealth of the Church a pitiful sight presented itself.

Before the closed door of the little chapel were gathered the poor, the crippled, the old, the mishappen, all the misfits and all the unwanted people of Rome. Some of the unfortunates were too weak to stand. They lay on stretchers. Scores leaned heavily on their crutches, their pain-marked faces fixed on the procession lead toward them by Lawrence. These were the poor of Rome, the unwanted people whose misfortunes found no sympathy in the selfish pagans.

Before this motely assembly of misery Lawrence stopped, turned and faced the prefect and his band. He indicated with a gesture the upturned, pitiful faces of Rome's unwanted.

His words that followed were addressed to Mullox, the prefect who had ridden up to see why the crowd had gathered.

"These, my lord, are the treasures of the Catholic Church. She is rich, but not in gold and silver, my lord. Her treasures are the souls and bodies of the poor and needy. Behold the treasures I promised you."

Mullox sat like a man that was stunned. He leaned forward and dismounted with the aid of a slave. Perplexity and rage distorted his heavy face. His forehead was wrinkled with perplexity when he advanced and spoke to Lawrence:

"I hope I've misunderstood what you just said. I'm waiting to see the Church treasure which you promised to show me."

Lawrence looked cool enough for one who was pronouncing his own sentence of death. Lawrence was brave to repeat what he had said at first: "What I said, my lord, is the truth. This is the only treasure of the Church that I am going to show you. Take a good look at it, for in the souls and bodies of these poor is the Catholic Church's greatest wealth in Rome."

Mullox stepped close to Lawrence and swung his heavy fist in the archdeacon's face. Lawrence went down like a dead man, striking his head on the ground as he fell. One of the nearest beggars ran forward and lifted him up. There was blood on the side of the archdeacon's face, the first blood of martyrdom.

The prefect's rage and disappointment was childish. He stamped around like a wilful child who has just then been deprived of its toys. He mixed curses with tears. Finally he ordered his slaves to bind the archdeacon and bring him along. The Christians and the beggars knew that Lawrence would go the way of Sixtus. Perhaps the prefect would roast him as he had threatened to do. But even at such a time when their friend was being dragged to torture, the poor beggars could

not help laughing at the joke that Lawrence had played on Mullox the prefect.

TAURUS, a fat Roman patrician, sat on the porch of his villa chuckling to himself. It was all so funny, and so narrow-minded for the prefect to kill such a humorist as the Christian archdeacon Lawrence... Fry the man to death, and such a man!

The fat patrician spat savagely over the marble railing of his porch. A foul deed to kill such a clever fellow. Taurus thought of the serio-comic moment when Lawrence paraded the street gamins and beggars of Rome before the prefect. What a joke on Mollux. Taurus laughed aloud recalling the prefect's discomfiture and childish rage. Taurus laughed, and yet puckered his fat face in thought. What a religion it must be to give a dying man such a splendid sense of humor as that of the archdeacon Lawrence. To make a man smile and joke in the midst of torture.

What Taurus did not know was that Lawrence possessed the penetrating sense of humor of the Saints, for a sense of humor in the Divine sense, is the ability to see through the unimportant things to the one important thing—God. Lawrence had a goodly store of this brand of humor.

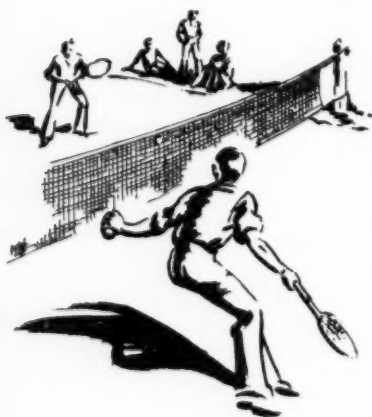
Even on the gridiron, with the hot coals blistering his flesh like a roast on the spit, only a Saint like Lawrence could turn to the torturers who were in the act of poking up the fire beneath him, and say drily: "Turn and eat; this side is done by now."

Only the love of God could make a man laugh during torture, just as the love of God can still bring a smile to a sufferer's lips, the sufferer who realizes that every twinge of pain borne for God is credit in eternity, and that every dolor is not as important as the sweet crucified God, in union with Whose dear Passion our smaller sorrows are joined, and in the joining are consecrated for eternity.

With our boys AT WORK AND PLAY

Perhaps a more fitting caption for this chronicle for the vacation months would be "Without our boys at Work and Play." On June 10 the seminarians of both departments left for their respective homes to spend the summer vacation with their families. A few lingered several days before leaving their alma mater as though loath to face the busy, bustling world. From the letters thus far received, all seem to be having a profitable vacation, striving to replenish empty purses and to build up physical resistance by recreation for the resumed matches with Cicero and Demosthenes in the fall.

The corridors are not entirely abandoned. The diocesan clergy arrive in two sections to make their spiritual exercises at the seminary



under the direction of the Reverend Dennis F. Burns, S. J. The senior study hall has been cleared of its desks and changed temporarily into a chapel of fifteen altars, with the reading room of the library serving as sacristy. About fifteen more altars have been set up in the chapter room of the monastery. During the retreats it is our privilege to have the Holy Sacrifice offered up daily by more than 100 priests.

Congratulations to James Glover of the Minor Seminary and his associates who, of their own accord and without a cent of compensation, have undertaken to publicize THE GRAIL. We could say, Jim, the letters received in commendation of the July GRAIL would make good propaganda for you, but you don't need it. You're doing fine. Keep it up! Jim is moving to Cincinnati, and Leon Beriault has graciously accepted the leadership of the drive in Indianapolis.

Under the direction of Elmer Miller, also of the Minor Seminary, a house to house canvass has been undertaken in some of the parishes of Evansville. Thanks, boys; we are "with you at work and at play."

On July 1, feast of the Precious Blood, the first of a series of blood transfusions was given to one of our well-loved students, Edward Mattingly, in preparation for what we hope will be a successful operation. Edward suffered several fractured vertebrae last summer when making a shallow dive, and ever since has lain patiently hopeful in St. Vincent's Hospital. Ed has two younger brothers in the Minor Seminary.

On July 2 a friend of the students living on the Abbey Dairy lot, was taken from this life rather unexpectedly. Kenneth Diehl, aged 13, a promising youth and leader of the township in the recent graduation examinations, suffered only a day from a mysterious infection which started in his head, but quickly shifted to his throat, and finally settled in his kidneys. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved family in their loss. The burial was from St. Benedict's church in Evansville. Only a week before the burial, Kenneth was employed cleaning the study hall desks for revarnishing.

Empty Halls echo to the footfalls of the spirits of departed boys—is not a sensational caption for some poetic flight of imagination. It is the truth. How could it be otherwise? For nine months our boys fill the halls with their cheerful faces and the campus with their lively chatter and banter. Then they pack their grips and return to their homes for a brief vacation. Their spirit (and we are grateful for that) either dreads the ordeal of packing (ethereal robes) or loves the accustomed haunts too well to go along. So it remains here. What is this spirit? It is a spirit of candor, of a bright, hopeful outlook on life, of high ideals and earnest endeavor to reach them, of all that the word "youth" implies. Many a little seminarian with reverence and awe looks up to an old, bearded monk, the walking image of Father Time, without realizing that he is acting as a prop to those aging limbs. It is the lad who keeps the old man young. The sight of the youth gives the veteran a new lease on life, gives him again that youthful buoyancy that once was his. It prevents him from becoming stiff in spirit—cramped and crabbed. Yes, although we do not see our boys "in the flesh" always, their spirit is ever with us, and keeps us young and active.



Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

June 20—23. The monastery was happy to have as its guest the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Albert Petrasch from the Lincoln diocese, Nebraska.

July 2. The Oblates left today for a three-weeks summer vacation.

Three of our fathers have been to the hospital this summer. Fr. Subprior and Fr. Meinrad underwent a thorough examination at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. Fr. Walter went to Louisville, St. Joseph's Infirmary, for a few days to check up on his condition and get a few days of rest. During his absence Fr. Hilary took his place part of the time at St. Benedict's parish in Evansville. Fr. Philip was also in Evansville to help out for a few days.

Summer Schools. Nine members of the Abbey are taking summer courses. Three others are teaching. Fr. Dunstan is studying at the Indiana State Teachers College; Fr. Gilbert at Indiana University; Fathers David, Raymond, and Joachim at Notre Dame; and Fathers Gerald, Augustine, and Robert, and Frater Clement at the Catholic University in Washington. Those teaching are: Fr. Stephen, who is giving a special course in Church Music at Loyola University in New Orleans; Fr. Theodore, who has a number of classes in Education at the Benedictine Convent in Ferdinand, Ind.; and Fr. Rudolph, who is conducting classes in Gregorian Chant, congregational singing, and the Mass-liturgy at the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Nazareth, Ky.

Parish Work. Five Fathers are assisting at various parishes in Kentucky. Fr. Albert, after conducting a retreat for the Benedictine Sisters of Villa Madonna, near Covington, Kentucky, is at St. John's Church, whilst Fr. Anselm is substituting at St. Brigid's Church, Louisville; Fr. Aemilian is at St. Paul's Church, Owensboro; Fr. Meinrad at Holy Cross, Loretto; Fr. Hugh at Wav-

erly. Fr. Martin is relieving the pastor at Gregory, South Dakota, for a month. Fr. Simon is filling the place of the chaplain at St. Edward's Hospital, New Albany, Indiana, during the latter's two-weeks' absence. Fr. Eberhard, after taking Fr. James' place at Jasper, whilst he visited his ailing mother in Oklahoma, is now "perspiring" at Assumption Church, Evansville,

The Corpus Christi novena held at the Abbey brought much spiritual help and consolation to those taking part in it. It is, of course, impossible to publish all the letters that have been received, telling of favors obtained. The one here printed is typical:

"Many thanks for your kind prayers offered during the Solemn Novena. The Sacred Heart has softened N's heart and brought him back to the sacraments. Also, through the use of St. Benedict's medal my baby has been restored to health. He had been running a high temperature, and I dipped the medal in his water and begged St. Benedict to cure him."

P. L. California.

One of the very first to respond to our offer to join in the novena was an elderly lady in Flushing, New York. This pious woman, for long a daily communicant, was especially devoted to the Blessed Sacrament, and was awarded for her devotion in a singular way. On the octave day of Corpus Christi, while attending Benediction, she was suddenly stricken in church and died in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, attended by a Monsignor and several priests. The last day of the novena, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, she surely spent in heaven.

Indiana. In the same city Fr. Maurus is substituting at St. Benedict's Church for Fr. Vincent who is giving a course in harmony to the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand, Ind. Fr. Thomas is substituting for his brother at Wichita, Kans. Fr. Gabriel has assumed full charge, even to the conducting of the newly organized band, at Columbia, Illinois. Fr. Maurice finds a pleasant variation from his duties as director of the oblates in the pastoral ministrations at Mount Vernon, Ind.

Besides these more lengthy absences, there are the Sunday excursions of the Fathers to nearby parishes. Fr. Bernard made a flying trip to Royalton, Ill., for July 11. Fr. Jerome accompanied him as far as Murphysboro, Ill., where he lent his assistance on the same Sunday. From there he will travel north to Lowell, Ind., to substitute for the pastor on July 18 and 25. Fr. Cyril will play pastor at Kentland, Ind., during the same time. Fr. Peter will make Celestine, Ind., for two Sundays, and Fr. Gualbert will view the Ohio River from Rockport, Ind., for three.

In the middle of the month and in time to celebrate the glorious patronal feast of Maria Einsiedeln at home, Father Abbot returned from the West, where he had given a number of retreats and visited the Indian missions of North and South Dakota.

On July 10th six young men came to the monastery preparatory to entering the Novitiate. They look forward to the reception of the habit of St. Benedict on August 5th. All of them have successfully completed their primary classical studies in our Minor Seminary. They are: Lawrence Hughes, New York City; Merton Knaebel, New Albany, Ind.; Joseph Woederman, Indianapolis, Ind.; Joseph Luckett, Springfield, Ky.; Charles Koster, Indianapolis, Ind.; and Joseph Stanton, Aurora, Ill.

The letter "A" suggests three things to our minds, all important in the formation of a perfect family circle. Associates, advice, and announcements are the three "A's." Those contemplating marriage would do well to give thought and consideration to all three.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

3. The Arc

Lambert Enslinger, O. S. B.

G = God = Center
R = Religion = Radius
A = Advice = Arc
C _____
E _____

IT IS an ordinary week day evening in the parish rectory. Supper is over, and the fathers have gathered in the front room to enjoy their cigars. Suddenly through the quiet halls of the parish house comes the insistent ring of the door bell. The pastor knocks off the ashes of his cigar and goes into the vestibule. It is still daylight, and in the dusk he sees two figures, a young man and a young woman nervously waiting for admittance.

"Good evening, Father. If you are not too busy we would like to see you for a moment." The young couple are nervous as they speak. The pastor can see that. He puts them at their ease at once.

"Come right in. Take that room to the left, that's my office."

The couple seat themselves gingerly on the edge of their chairs. They are even more ill at ease than when they rang the door bell. The priest once more breaks the silence:

"You are both strangers in the parish are you not?"

The young man speaks up bravely: "Yes, Father, we are both from Chicago. We are stopping here for a visit, and we would like to get married." Both parties looked at each other, then at the priest. His reassuring smile relaxed them.

"How soon would you like to get married?" he asked.

"Well," said the young man, his eyes bright with hope, "we would like you to marry us tonight, that is if you're not too busy. It won't take long, will it?"

The pastor smiled, and then shook his head thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid you do not understand," he said. "You are both Catholics I presume. You come for the first time to the rectory tonight. I know nothing at all about you. I am afraid you will have to wait a little longer than this evening."

Both looked depressed by this information. The young man ventured some information: "Pardon me, Father, for not giving you our names. I am Richard Keefe of Chicago, and my friend here is Henrietta Collins also of Chicago. We are both Catholics."

The priest extended his hand. "I am Father Davis. I am very glad to know you."

Richard tried another question.

"How soon, Father, could we be married here?"

Father Davis smiled. "First send for your baptismal certificates. That may take possibly two weeks. On the certificates will be information as to whether you have been married before, or are entering marriage for the first time."

A red flush stole over the face of Richard Keefe. There was the hint of anger in his voice as he remonstrated.

"Why, you don't think we would do a thing like that, do you, Father Davis? We are both free to marry. Otherwise we would not have come here to you tonight."

The pastor explained patiently: "I am inclined to take your own word for it, but to marry you I need more than your word. The law of the Church requires proof of your freedom to marry. On every baptismal record of a Catholic is recorded the fact of marriage or religious vows or priesthood. When I have your records before me I will have more proof of your freedom to marry."

The belligerent expression left both their faces. Richard expressed his relief shortly: "Oh, I see. I didn't understand the law of the Church."

Father Davis continued: "Besides you need a license from the county clerk before your marriage can be considered valid before the state. Have you a license?"

Richard shook his head: "Not yet, Father."

The pastor sighed and knocked the ashes of his cigar into an ash tray. "There is another point or two which you have overlooked," he said. "Have you the permission of your pastors to get married?"

This time the girl answered: "Neither of us like the pastor of our Church. He is such a crank. We never speak to him."

Richard spoke up: "We don't have to go to see him, do we, Father Davis?"

"I'm very sorry," said the priest, "sorry that you don't get along; but you must get his permission to marry. I suggest that you call on him when you return to Chicago. Or you could call him up or write a letter."

Richard swallowed hard. "Is that all, Father?"

"All? Why no. After you have the pastor's permission and the records of your baptism, you will have to be published three consecutive Sundays in your parish church."

"I had forgotten about the announcements," admitted Richard weakly. "That'll make the date about a month from now, won't it?"

"At least a month. How long have you known each other?" asked Father Davis.

"We met at a dance about two months ago, Father. It was love at first sight with us, I guess. We've been together a lot since then. We were visiting Henrietta's aunt in your parish. She told us to come over here and you would marry us." Father Davis rose slowly and extended his hand. "How long will you be here?" he asked.

Henrietta explained: "We will be here until next week, Father. We had planned on marriage tonight, and then a honeymoon. Then we were going to surprise our folks at Chicago."

"I see. Well, suppose you come over several evenings while you are staying here, and we will discuss some things that you should know. Today is the fifth of the month. You can plan on your marriage by the fifth of next month at the earliest. You will need a little more time to get acquainted. After all, when you are going to live together the rest of your life you should know each other a little better."

Richard shook Father Davis's hand warmly. So did Henrietta. It was Richard who thanked the pastor as they left the rectory.

"Father, I suppose that you think we are very dumb by trying to get married on such short notice. But we didn't know that it took so long to get things ready. We thought, at least I did, that if the lady was willing, that was all that was necessary. Thanks very much, Father, for your advice. We will come back for the rest of the instructions before we leave town."

Father Davis watched them step out into the night and vanish down the street hand in hand. That they did love each other he had no doubt. But how little they had thought about the serious step of marriage and the laws that the Catholic Church has made for the protection of her children.

DOES IT PAY

to be Prudish?

The age of prudery is past. Today people discuss things that twenty-five years ago were considered too indelicate for conversation. Mothers and Guardians are your children prepared for this age of candor?

Judge Albert Veneman presents an astonishing case, which, however, is not as rare as one might think. He advocates not sex instruction but training in chastity.

Dear Friends of Youth:

Not so long ago a young girl of high school age was tried in the juvenile court on a charge of obscene behavior. There was present at this trial only a judge, the probation officer and the mother of the girl. Procedure as in all juvenile cases was strictly private excluding all the usual curious hangers-on of a court trial.

The girl put on an innocent front. Her mother was white with indignation. The judge was courteous and fatherly. The judge questioned the mother if she had ever instructed her fourteen year-old daughter in the mysteries of life, of sex and its functions.

Mother objected. "Of course not. What do you think I am? The child is as innocent as an angel."

On the judge's desk lay a small notebook. The judge turned the leaves carefully and held out the booklet to the mother.

"You would recognize your child's handwriting?" he asked softly.

"Yes, of course I would." Mother replied.

"Is this the handwriting of your daughter?" The judge pointed to the signature and first page of the note book. The mother gasped.

"Why to be sure it is. Where did you get this?"

"Never mind. Just read the passages marked there."

The mother read and paled as she read the account of sexual escapades, written with a detail that betrayed a shocking experimental knowledge of sin and sexual passion on the part of a child whom her mother supposed to be as blissfully ignorant of sex as an infant. Perhaps, if the mother had taken the girl aside several years before, and chastely explained that terrific God-created force which is sex, she would have been spared the later shocking revelation.

Sex is not the only force in adolescent life, but it is a strong force, and one to be reckoned with carefully. Long have been the discussions and arguments as to when and by whom sex instruction should be given to growing boys and girls. One thing we know from experience, that a vast amount of moral waste has occurred through ignorance. Many pitiful tales could be told of moral and physical ruin that might have been entirely prevented through education in these matters.

Difficult as is the problem of such instruction, parents and guardians of youth are not excused because of its difficulty. There is no reason why it could not be taught gradually instead of abruptly; the fact of reproduction in flowers and animals is obvious enough to serve as an introduction to this necessary knowledge of adolescent life. Detailed reference to the special processes of human reproduction is unnecessary; allusion to the emotions aroused is not only unnecessary but dangerous.

Right here let me say that sex education means not only instruction

in time, but training—training in chastity. Desire, habit and will must be trained.

To instruct youth in matters of sex without furnishing them with the training in chastity is to act like the lowest criminal. Training in chastity should even precede all such instruction. This can be done without any direct reference to sex matters. That every part of the body should be cared for, kept clean, and used only for its natural and proper functions. Abuse of any part of the body should be regarded as sinful.

Above all, religion with its important sacramental help in confession and in the Holy Eucharist is the best means to a chaste and normal adolescent sex-life.

Rich in suggestion for sex instruction are the following timely books, books which parents and guardians will welcome in their search for a technique to instruct their boys and girls in matters pertaining to the problem of chastity.

Training in Chastity by Felix Kirsch, O. M. Cap., Benziger Bros. 1930. Chicago, Illinois

Safeguards of Chastity by Fulgence Meyer, 1929

Watchful Elders by Kilian J. Hennrich, 1929

The Pure of Heart by Daniel Lord, 1928

Plain Talks on Marriage by Fulgence Meyer, 1927

Educating to Purity by Gatterer and Krus, 1927

The Difficult Commandment by C. C. Martindale

GIVE AND TAKE

Mobile, Ala.

Dear Editor:

I have been a school teacher for 45 years, tried my best to instill into those under my care the same soul-saving knowledge and practices that came to me, first from a splendid Grandmother, raised in the north of Ireland—who passed the love of God down to us from our first days of life, and then from the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. I am the eldest of eleven children—all gone to the better land save me alone. I look back and try to thank God for all these gifts and blessings without which I would not know how to live. So many times I've had to learn that I have been most carefully cared for and blessed.

Those 45 years have not been without many a lesson, some of them not the most pleasant you may imagine. One of them is of frequent repetition, as though the Master wanted us to be especially certain to learn it. Now and then there would be vile language used on the playground at recess time, and I always felt it my duty to correct the offender and punish the deed. On one occasion I called the guilty little boy to my room where I made him rinse out his mouth and then apologize to the other children who had heard him. I proceeded to lecture him about the disgrace he was unwittingly bringing upon his mother by using such language, but he almost took my breath with his answer. What do you think it was? "Why she says that all the time!"

He was probably telling the truth. Into such homes must children go after a few hours a day only in school. Can your Pilot say just a word, I wonder, to such parents?

An aged reader and contributor.

My dear reader:

Some time ago one of our Archbishops (Beckman of Dubuque) issued a pastoral that stressed this point. He said, to quote especially one well-expressed thought: "The tongue of the Catholic, on which has been laid the virginal Body of Christ, in the Sacrament of His love, should know only purity, truth and love."

Here is a little story of George Washington, eminently fitting this

theme. He had heard that vile talk was increasing among the soldiers. Mark what he did. He issued the following order: "The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

Mind his words, "is growing into fashion." Parents often allow themselves loose talk without realizing their bad habit—it's simply the fashion with them. And we know how fashion grows. Goslings always do as the old geese do. We know what our Lord said about scandalizing one of His little ones. His language was strong: He spoke about a mill-stone being tied about one's neck and then let down into the ocean.

Your Old Pilot.

Dear Editor:

I received a lot of help from "I Can't Pray Well" and I felt I had to tell you. Oftentimes I look up during Mass at the altar and then down at my beads and find that my mind has been balancing the accounts at the office while my lips repeated the Our Father and Hail Mary.

I haven't given up trying to concentrate, but it's good to know that these absent-minded prayers aren't wasted. I still "can't pray well" but let Fr. Eugene know that he's been an encouraging teacher.

Easily Distracted.

P. S. How about "home-made" prayers? My mind doesn't wander then.

Dear Reader:

St. Teresa says somewhere in her writings, that she pities those who have a fugitive mind. We are all more or less in that boat, and without effort who can long keep his mind from wandering? So the old proverb still holds: "Make the best of it."

Home-made prayers? They are certainly very good, first, because they as a rule come hot from the heart, and are full of genuine sin-

cerity; and secondly, because they are usually short, and are over before we have had a chance to become distracted.

Your Old Pilot.

Dear Old Pilot:

What's the use? I try every possible method to keep my children home during their leisure hours but they are movie mad! As soon as they get in from work or business they plan to go to the show.

I keep plenty of good magazines and books around; they are always free to have their friends in the house. But even when their friends visit, they soon become restless and before long they are off to the movies.

Their interests are light and frothy with as much substance as a chocolate eclaire. Ask them about any of the really important things today—the trouble in Spain or Mexico, what Hitler is doing in Germany, and they shrug their shoulders, wise-crack about Adolph's mustache and pick up a movie magazine.

What do you suggest? Isn't there any solution?

A Harassed Mother.

Dear Mother:

A doctor has never solved a case he has on hand until he has made a good diagnosis. And even then his remedies will help nothing if the patient persists in doing just the opposite. Our movie-mad children are infected with the germ of modern superficiality. That germ makes them depreciate anything high and noble, and makes them esteem what is striking and flashy. It's the style of the times, and it reminds us of the saying of the ancient, that if someone would give him a bar large enough, he could move the world with it. Now, if anyone can succeed in arousing in children a sense of the difference between the flashy and the noble, he will have influence on their hearts. What about dropping remarks once in a while in a prudent, not in a pedantic way, as it were in passing, perhaps reading something aloud just for a moment? Such little reminders are like sugar-coated pills—they taste good, and if regularly administered, they do the work. Little and often that's usually the trick of success in anything.

Your Sympathetic Old Pilot.

LET'S BROWSE AROUND

Miriam Kreyle

THE QUIET of summer days hangs heavily over the book marts and the publishers' presses are definitely silent, for the great American public has gone vacationing. But the true book-lovers carry their choice volumes, whether rushing back and forth to business, home, or the seashore. In fact summer is the ideal time to catch up with those books you have laid aside for that illusive period: "when I have more time."

In such a group we placed our copy of *"Cities of Refuge"* by the internationally famous novelist and reporter, Sir Philip Gibbs. Now as we lay it aside we seem to see a great tapestry into which the writer has woven the dark threads of human emotions swirling around a crushed and embittered people living ever within the shadow and threat of war.

The story opens with the fall of Sebastopol in 1916 when the Russian aristocrats are fleeing from their homeland pursued by the maddened and blood-thirsty hordes of their own countrymen, the Bolsheviks. Many characters pass across this massive picture, but it is about the pathetically brave Markov family that all interest is centered. Count Michael Markov, a very young man, his beautiful mother Anna, and his two sisters, Olga and Tania with their English governess, Betty Browne, are among those flung into exile by the Russian Revolution. Their journeyings include the island of Prinkipo, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, New York and finally the peace and restfulness of an English countryside. It is a story of Russian melancholy, turbulent childish joy, laughter and tears, direst poverty and triumphant success. The spiritual qualities of Anna Markov shine anew in the gentle Michael, as the grind of need robs him of his mother, Hitler's Jewish hatred deprives him of Tania, and Olga falls victim to the lure of wealth and ease. The

story gains life and vividness when actual figures of history such as Dollfuss, Hitler, Starhemberg and the Grand Duchess Marie are revealed through natural incident. It is a glorious picture of crumbling empires, an insurgent people and above all it is a poignant plea for peace.

Few lovers of poetry could tell why they find so much comfort and joy in its reading, they think of it as an abstracted quality. Poetry is not an abstract misty something that floats aimlessly and quite accidentally from the pen of the idealist and the dreamer. It is rather the impassioned plea of the artist who sees things clearly and understandingly and who would have others see things as they truly are. It gives new meaning to life. Hamlet without the poet's explanation of his fears and torments becomes a mere mental sufferer. *"Realization"* by Hugh McCarron, S. J. (Sheed and Ward) is not theoretical, it is a practical discussion of the philosophy of Poetry. The author would have us read poetry for the food it gives us for the happiness and inspiration it instills. Poetry opens new vistas of thought, brings man closer to the only interpreter of life—to God Himself. The literary student will read and reread this volume and review his favorite poems with a new zest, for he will have learned: "Realization."

Song and story has framed the history of the crusades in the golden glow of romance, chivalry and high adventure. But it is not as a series of adventures or a magnificent demonstration of Faith that Hilaire Belloc presents *"The Crusades,"* (Bruce) but as a historic military epoch whose causes and results are centered in the First Crusade which lasted from 1095—1187. "It alone," writes Belloc "was victorious; its success advanced for less than fifty years. Whatever followed on it was

but the rear-guard action of a defeat."

At the close of the eleventh century Mohammedanism had swept across Syria, Northern Africa and into Spain and stood at the gates of Constantinople. Christianity was threatened. Its saving fires were lighted by the voice of one man—Pope Urban II. Before a great gathering of clergy, knights, adventurers, pilgrims and merchants he gave the call at Clermont in Auvergne in 1095. The cry of the Crusaders "God wills it" carried across Europe and in 1096 a great feudal army under Godfrey, Duke Lorraine set out to save the Holy Land.

The explanation of the astonishing victories and sudden failures of the Crusading hosts lies in the loose organization and peculiar philosophy of eleventh century feudal society. The whole social structure is made clear through Belloc's brilliant contrast of that period with our own. Then step by step he leads us through the details and strategies of that singular military movement that crashed at Damascus, when Christendom in the Levant was ultimately lost—a loss that was finally confirmed in the battle of Hattin. With a warning note to the Christian world of today Mr. Belloc concludes: "We are divided in the face of a Mohammedan world, divided in every way—divided by separate independent national rivalries, by the warring interests of possessors and dispossessed—and that division cannot be remedied because the cement which once held our civilization together, the Christian cement, has crumbled."

Deprived of their dearest treasures, a little one, parents will find the deep sympathy of an understanding heart in Father Memmesheimer's *"My Child Lives"* (Benziger). True stories and beautiful quotations carry a message of faith and hope for young and old and particularly for those who, stunned

by sorrow, fail to understand its power for good.

Somehow we had never been a P. G. Wodehouse enthusiast. But, after hearing Hilaire Belloc declare him our cleverest writer we decided we just didn't know. So as a piece of good news we recommend for your light summer reading the latest Wodehouse effort: a collection of six short stories, "*The Crime Wave at Blandings*" (Doubleday, Doran). Here is clean wit, amazing, bubbling humor that will give you a jolly hour of vacation leisure.

Here comes a fire brand that may start a huge conflagration. It's a question about Margaret Mitchell and her *Gone with the Wind*. Since the answer to this question was first written Margaret Mitchell has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the outstanding novel of the year. At the risk of being called old-fashioned, narrow-minded, and what not, I am leaving the answer as I first wrote it without changing a word. If the Pulitzer award implies great art, I might also add with George N.

Schuster that great art is often very strong meat. The question:

The book written by Margaret Mitchell called *Gone with the Wind* has been recommended by several Catholic magazines, although I have heard much objection against it. Is this book really recommendable?

Gone with the Wind is a novel of the breezy best-seller type which fans the passions of its readers by its obscene passages. How the book obtained favorable reviews in several Catholic magazines is a question which is not simple to answer: either the reviewers must not have read the book completely, or their reviews were inspired by a spirit of false liberalism or broad-mindedness which closes one eye to license while trying to see with the other only the literary merit of a book which the "critics" have hailed as a modern masterpiece. For those who treasure the beauty of their souls more than the beauty of art which is corrupted by the hideousness of sin, this book is not recommendable. Using God's standards as the norm of judgment,

it were better if this book had already gone with the wind. Even from the literary point of view it may perhaps not be many years before this book will have gone the way of many other contemporary best-sellers—into oblivion, like the wind.

Our August Book Shelf

The Crusades, by Hilaire Belloc, Price \$3.00.

Cities of Refuge, by Sir Philip Gibbs, Price \$2.50.

Realization, by Hugh McCarron, S. J., Price \$1.75.

My Child Lives, by Rev. A. Memmesheimer, Price \$1.25.

The Crime Wave At Blandings, by P. G. Wodehouse, Price \$2.00.

The Bridge Over the World, by Guiliotti, Price \$1.00.

English Catholic Poets, by Elbridge Colby, Price \$2.25.

Juvenile

The Princess Elizabeth, by Eric Acland, Price \$1.00.

Big Loop and Little, by Alice Rogers Hager, Price \$2.00.

Miranda is a Princess, by Emma Sterne, Price \$1.75.

GOSPEL MOVIES BY P.K.

FREE TOOLS



"Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." 2 Cor. 3:17

leaping for joy. As a child he grew, and was strengthened in spirit; and was in the deserts until the day of his manifestation to Israel." (St. Luke 1:80) He longed to see the Saviour to enjoy the sweetness of His presence. But he yearned still more to do the duty that God had imposed on him. He did not visit Jesus, but waited until Christ saw fit (according to His Father's plan) to come to him.

St. John points out the Redeemer to his expectant audience. He baptizes the Saviour. He sends his disciples to follow Jesus. But he himself remains behind to do his duty. His heart is so disinterested, so disengaged from everything, even from God Himself here, that he gladly foregoes all the spiritual comfort and spiritual profit he might reap from Christ's company and presence, merely that he might do God's will and attend to His service.

Application: Are you a free tool that God can use to shape His plans?

GOD'S grace is ever active. It produces its God-intended effects if there is constant contact with the soul and disinterested cooperation. There can be constant contact if the soul wishes it. But there must be more. *There must be unselfish cooperation.* A rapid check on how we serve God will reveal much selfishness. With St. Peter we often say: "Lord, we have left all to follow Thee—what therefore shall we have?" True love seeks God as God, not as a reward. We are children of God (liberi), but we are not free (liberi).

Grace wants a free tool—one that does not resist. St. John the Baptist was such an instrument. Grace contacted his soul at Mary's visitation. Its effect was a conscious spark of love and a

"YOU'LL WHIP ME"

Eugene Spiess, O. S. B.

ONLY a father and a mother can fully realize what it means to have a nervous, sickly child that becomes silent when the father enters the room, looks down to the floor and clenching its hands, slowly walks away from the presence of the father. Only a father and mother can realize how heart-broken this father must be when, having asked his little one, "Why do you always walk away from me?" he gets the reply from his shy child: "You will whip me."

We read in the life of Blessed Gemma, of the Passionist Order, that the Lord once appeared to her and said: "Gemma, it certainly pains Me when people offend Me, oh, but how they hurt Me in my Sacred Heart when they think that I would not forgive them!"

Cardinal Gibbons frequently related the story of a small boy who was asked by the Cardinal, "Who is Jesus Christ?" and who answered him saying: "I don't know him, I never met the gentleman." Were it not for the ignorance in that boy who had never had an instruction in Christian doctrine, as is apparent, the boy's reply would have a sacrilegious ring about it. The reader laughs at the reply of this child, so ignorant, for the reader is fully aware as to who the Lord Jesus is. Ah, but that child at least referred to Him as a "gentleman." Are you perhaps sacrilegiously inclined, no doubt because of your fears, to think otherwise? Are you going about, especially when you kneel before Him hidden in the tabernacle, or solemnly exposed during forty hour's devotion with sentiments akin to the little one who shyly always replied to its father: "You will whip me?" Are dispositions such as these your own dispositions? Only a father and mother can realize what it means to the good God, how His heart must ache when He sees men and women with such dispositions that break the father's heart. For, He is infinitely gentle. He assured you of this. He even demands of you that you believe this, saying: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart."

So you think you know the Lord Jesus better than the boy of whom Cardinal Gibbons spoke?

When you again kneel before the Blessed Sacrament examine your sentiments about Him. Naturally you are awe-inspired, for you are in the presence of God. You feel like St. Peter when he said to the Lord after the miracle he saw, "Lord, depart from me for I am a sinful man." Yet, in spite of all that, the God-man is the last man you must fear if you have determined never again to offend Him, and if you have confessed your sins as well as you could after you have been sorry for your transgressions. I repeat, in that particular case, when you are determined not to offend Him again and when you are sorry for your transgressions, then the Lord is certainly not the one whom you should fear, and continuously greet with the heart-rending thought, "You will whip me, you will whip me."

To all this the reader might be inclined to say: "That is all very well. We know that the Lord is infinitely kind and merciful, but we likewise know that the Lord is also infinitely just."

You are correct, He is also infinitely just. But here is your consolation—all the motives He has to be merciful and kind to you, He takes from His own Sacred Heart, and all the motives He has to be a just God towards you, he takes from *your* heart. You can never stop the Lord from being merciful, but you can stop Him from applying a rigorous justice towards you. How? Simply by stopping sin. Have you not noticed in the gospels how kind he was to sinners? Have you never noticed in the Gospels how He defended and spoke a good word for sinners? There is one thing He always said to sinners. Perhaps you failed to notice this one thing. "Go" He said "*and sin no more.*"

If, dear reader, you do away with your fears and stop saying: "You will whip me," the result will be an intense love for the Lord Jesus. That love, if you continue it, will even wipe out your purgatory. "Simon" the Lord once said to a Pharisee who thought that the Lord did not know a certain woman who had entered the banquet hall, "Simon, dost thou see this woman? . . . Much is forgiven her for she has loved much."

ONCE I WENT

A-COURTIN'---

A Horse and Buggy Episode



FIVE miles north of where we lived was a small inland town in which was located a college of no mean repute. Every year at commencement there were big doings to which the people came by buggy, on muleback or any other old way, from a radius of about thirty miles. The exercises began with the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning and wound up by the meeting of the Alumni Society on Wednesday night. During the interval something was going on morning, afternoon, and evening. One mile farther north of this little town there lived a country boy, whose name was Arthur, a real pal as you shall hereinafter observe. There also lived hardby a certain country lass whose Christian name was Polly. The writer completed the remaining point of the triangle. And so we laid our plans thus; my pal was to come into town from the north with Polly, he driving her horse and buggy, while I was to approach from the south in my cart. Arriving at this central point he was to resign her to my tender care. After the entertainment I was to take her home in my cart while he followed in her buggy.

But before I get too far along with my narrative I must again refer to the vehicle of which I was master. It was of the genus, gig. Every movement of the horse affected the shafts and the movements of the shafts affected the whole craft. When the horse stepped with his right foot it veered to the right and as he stepped with his left foot it veered to the left. It had a back to the seat but when one tried to lean against it the exertions of the horse caused one to have a lurching movement back and forth like the gyrations of a mahout perched astride the neck of an elephant or a camel-driver. When the horse traveled at an even gait all these movements became rhythmic and one found himself involuntarily saying "One, two, three, shake!" If the horse increased his gait to a trot the movements of the passenger were thereby accelerated and if you met someone down the road he would think you had a severe attack of heebie jeebies or, as the Germans say, was "verückt." The only redeeming feature was that it was made to carry two; hence there was no room for a chaperon.

So in this conveyance on an evening in June back in 1897 I set out to keep my tryst. I remember passing another country boy and his lady friend, she riding a white rawboned horse about sixteen hands high while he sat astride a little mule about as tall as a large Newfoundland dog, but as happy as seven hundred dollars. Yet how he must have envied me in my splen-

did(?) equipage. Be it remembered that the town dudes didn't entertain a very warm regard for us country yokels and to show their resentment would sometimes cut the harness. I have seen a horse of long flowing mane and tail with its mane cut short like a mule and its tail bobbed like a coach-horse. I was aware of the possibilities but for the sake of a maid I dared.

After the entertainment was over we proceeded to the vehicle in question, and after assisting the young lady aboard I climbed in too. When I reached for the lines imagine my chagrin when I discovered there were no lines, some miscreant having stolen them. Here was a pretty kettle of fish—seven miles between me and home, no buggy lines, midnight and stores all closed so that I could not buy even a piece of rope in lieu of lines, and a girl on my hands. When Richard III exclaimed "A horse! A horse! my kingdom for a horse!" he didn't have anything on me. This called for initiative, so my pal, Polly, and I went into conference, the outcome being that she and I were to transfer to her buggy while my pal would follow with my rig. As we drove down the country road we would pause occasionally and wait for Arthur to see how he was making out. We could hear him coming at a distance, the cart rumbling along like a thunder shower coming over the mountain. Sitting astride the horse, guiding it with the bridle rein, ever and anon he would glance back over his shoulder to see if all was well with the cart. No General ever sat on a horse with more grace and dignity, while under one arm he carried the cushion and under the other the laprobe, the buggywhip reposing over his shoulder like the gun of a West Point cadet. When we arrived at the young lady's home I borrowed a pair of lines from her and bade them goodnight. Oh, this was the good old horse and buggy days. Some day they may pass but courtin' days never will.

The horse has long since died, the vehicle I suspect may be found in the Smithsonian Institution. If it isn't there, it ought to be. Anyone who has never ridden in one like it has missed something. My pal, too, has passed on long ago. I hope St. Peter was kind to him for if there was ever a real pal he was one. And the maid? If still living she has long ago ceased having birthdays. I have never seen her since that fateful night as immediately afterward I bade farewell to the old roof-tree, hayricks and sulkey plow, emigrating to another State. The culprit who stole my lines—I never found out who he was. I hope he had remorse of conscience long ago and did penance by making a generous contribution to the conscience fund.

Five Times A Dad.

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